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NO. 1718.

THE BYSTANDER.
NOVEMBER 18, 1936.

# The BYSTANDER

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# The Bystander

*Norman Parkinson*

## Marcelle Chantal Has Gone Back to Paris

Marcelle Chantal, beautiful and famous French film star, is back in her Paris again; she left on the Golden Arrow last Saturday after completing *Widow's Island*, her first English film. It was directed at Hammersmith by Maurice Elvey, who supervised both the English and French versions. Leading men: Paul Cavanagh (English version) and Aimé Clariond (French version); story: a war triangle re-enacted on the old battlefield. Mlle. Chantal is well known over here by her Pathé-Nathan films, of which the most recent was *Phantom Gondola* (Curzon)

*Mr. Charles Milnes Gaskell and Lady Patricia Hare*

*Major Eric Dutton and Miss Myrtle Gough*

# Three Weddings of the Week

*Lieut. Alexander Gordon-Lennox and Miss Barbara Steele*

*Lieut. Alexander Gordon-Lennox, R.N., and Miss Barbara Steele chose Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, for their wedding. He is the son of the late Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox and Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox, of Halnaker House, Chichester. She is the daughter of the late Major-Gen. Julian Steele and Mrs. Julian Steele, of 58, Pont Street. They are spending their honeymoon at Richmond Castle, Scotland, lent them by the bridegroom's cousin, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon*

*Charles Milnes Gaskell is the only son of the late Evelyn Milnes Gaskell and Lady Constance Milnes Gaskell, and a cousin of the Earl of Ranfurly. Lady Patricia Hare is the elder sister of the Earl of Listowel. They were married at St. Clement Danes' last Thursday*

*The Duchess of Gloucester attended the St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, wedding of Major Eric Dutton and Myrtle Eléonore Gough, General Sir Hubert and Lady Gough's daughter. Major Dutton is the son of the late Rev. Charles and Mrs. Dutton; he and his bride are honeymooning in Italy*

# The Passing Hour

## Comments and Asides

## By A. G. Macdonell

THE Royal Commission on the private manufacture of arms did not report in favour of nationalisation of the trade, but it did report in favour of the establishment of a Ministry of Supply. The Government, however, will have none of it. Sir Thomas Inskip made that quite clear in the House. He also added the grisly words : " the financial strain which is being placed on this country is a stupendous one." And someone will have to take the strain. The taxpayer may well chant mournfully to himself the old song of Miss Violet Loraine's, " Some girl will have to darn his socks, And I guess the girl is me."

SO the political uniforms are to be banned, and a good job too. The method is to be characteristically British. No attempt is made in the draft Bill to define a political uniform, but the decision is left to the common-sense of the Courts. It is a perfectly good way out of a difficult legal technicality, but it is not surprising that the French find us a despairingly difficult nation to understand.

THE Home Secretary's statement about the Fascist and Communist funds in this country was very interesting. He said that information has reached him which shows that in both cases their funds have been supplemented from abroad. No one in the past has ever doubted that Moscow was anxious to help, and did help, the dismal little Communist party in this country. But it is the first official intimation that has been made that the other crew might be drawing their whack, too. Though not, of course, from Moscow.

MR. BALDWIN has quite mistaken the tone of the country's feeling about General Gough. He has refused to hold an official inquiry, and quite right too. But who wanted an official inquiry ? All that is wanted is a simple act of reparation. General Gough must be made a Field-Marshal in recognition of the injustice that was done to him.

Speaking as one who served under him as a simple subaltern, I never thought much of Gough as a general, but I never for a moment thought that he was any worse than any of the others.

RECRUITING for the Army continues to be much slower than for the other Forces, in spite of Mr. Duff Cooper's energetic personal campaign. What is the reason ? Some say the conditions are too hard, others that the Military Police is too strict, others that the life is more monotonous than the sailor's or the airman's. I cannot help feeling that there is a vague memory, drifting somewhere in the air, of Passchendaele and Suvla and the Somme, which makes the young men of to-day faintly and subconsciously distrustful of those who might have to lead them to Flanders as their fathers and brothers were led before them.

ITALIAN diplomacy is very active in Hungary. It is obvious that Count Ciano's recent visit to Berlin has not been quite so fruitful in the restoration of harmony as had been hoped, and the Danube Valley is still a source of friction. Only the centre has shifted from Vienna to Budapest, and it is announced that the King of Italy is to visit the Hungarian capital. The suggestion has even been made that Signor Mussolini may break his rule and leave Italy for once in order to accompany him. On the other hand, the rumour that the Duce is contemplating a Habsburg restoration on the throne of Hungary is surely unlikely ? Jugo-Slavia would be thrown straight into the arms of Germany if the ancient crown of St. Stephen is replaced upon the head of Otto.

FATHER COUGHLIN has taken the count. He has retired from politics and broken his microphone across his knee, so to speak. The reason which he gives sounds extremely honourable. In the summer he said he would retire if his presidential candidate Lemke polled less than nine million votes. He polled eight millions less than nine millions, so the Radio Priest is implementing his word and gaining some credit for it. There are some, however, who suggest that a severe message from the Vatican may have had something to do with it, and that Father Coughlin is going while the going is comparatively good.

WHAT luck President Roosevelt has had. One of his two most violently ranting opponents discredited, and the other assassinated. Incidentally, I see

*. The King and Queen Mary on Armistice Day*

*Queen Mary watched the Armistice Day Service in Whitehall from a window of the Home Office, while the King attended the Service as his father did every year, and laid a wreath of poppies at the Cenotaph. He escorted the Queen from her car through Richmond Terrace to the Home Office ; during the Service she had the Duchess of York, the Duchess of Gloucester, and Princess Marie Louise with her. The King and his brothers, the Duke of York and the Duke of Kent, all wore naval uniform*

*The Passing of the Alhambra*

*The demolition of the Alhambra Theatre, Leicester Square, means more than the passing of a building—it is the passing of one of the last links with the age of Wilde and Beerbohm. Mr. Oscar Deutsch is replacing it with a £600,000 cinema, the Odeon, which he plans to open with the première of "I, Claudius"*

## The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 271)

that the anniversary of the assassination of Huey Long is to be a legal holiday in Louisiana. Surely this must be the first legality ever associated with the late Kingfish.

Some may approve of Scottish Nationalism, some may disapprove, others may simply ignore. But it is impossible not to feel sorry for them over the affair of Wallace's sword. A stupid prank, or it may turn out to be worse if the sword is not recovered, has been committed in their name though, it need hardly be added, not under their auspices. Scottish Nationalism is, whatever its merits, sincere and high-minded, and its adherents will be the first to deplore the senseless outrage to a famous historical relic.

The publication in the *Evening Standard* of Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett's advocacy in the Thompson-Bywaters case must have caused a grave uneasiness in the hearts of those who advocate capital punishment. Mrs. Thompson was hanged. But was she guilty of anything except love for Bywaters? I don't believe anyone now thinks she was.

If, and when, the site for the King George memorial is cleared at Westminster, Edward the Third's Jewel House will once again be visible, and perhaps also the remains of the twelfth-century Chapel of St. Katherine and perhaps the Infirmarer's Hall. Is it too much to hope that while the good work is going on, the same idea could be extended to the interior and that some of those ghastly marble statues of indifferent soldiers and obscure politicians might be carted away?

Eugene O'Neill has been awarded the Nobel Prize for literature for 1936. It is a capital choice. O'Neill is one of the few really original American minds, and at a time when America is producing such a flood of good work without producing much first-class work, the choice is bound to have an encouraging effect.

Sir Herbert Grierson, until lately Professor of English Literature in the University of Aberdeen, has just been elected Lord Rector of the University in succession to Lord Allenby. Some years ago Professor Grierson undertook in a rash moment to edit Sir Walter Scott's letters, and then found to his horror that that indefatigable man had written about five million letters, all of which seemed to have been preserved by somebody or other. And this, mind you, on top of his immense output of novels and histories and poems, and in addition to his work as an Edinburgh lawyer and his play as host at Abbotsford.

Whenever a book about Napoleon is published, the stock thing to say is that there can't be anything new in it. But there always is. Last year there were the Caulaincourt Memoirs, and now comes an excellent translation of Count Lavallette's Memoirs. The Count was Postmaster-General to the Emperor and was responsible for the complicated job of getting the Imperial post-bag into the Imperial hands in the shortest time possible. He was one of the handful of men who sailed home with Bonaparte from Egypt. One of their recreations on board ship was listening to Bonaparte's ghost stories of which, apparently, he was an expert teller.

Tschiffely has announced that he will not do any more long rides, and so another epic-achiever makes his graceful bow of farewell from his chosen scene. The ride of this quiet Swiss schoolmaster from Buenos Aires to Washington was one of the greatest of all feats of human endurance. Now Mr. Tschiffely is writing the life of Cunningham-Grahame and is riding in motor-cars. When he used to stride up Fleet Street accompanied by his small but redoubtable friend, General Rafael de Nogales, the Venezuelan soldier of fortune, not one passer-by in a thousand knew that they were two of the most extraordinary of living men.

It was rather odd to find so sophisticated a body as the Arts Theatre Club producing a play that centred round the dear old mortgage and the sweet little foreclosure of our grandmother's days. But they did, and, what 's more, they pulled it off by brilliant acting. It must, however, be said in fairness to the authors, Miss Whitehouse and Miss Blackburn, that they decked out the old favourite with a great many witty lines and made it trot very smartly down the course. Mr. Barry Barnes and Mr. Geoffrey Edwards were admirable respectively as the villain who turns out to be a white man and the white man who turns out to be a villain, but it was Miss Leonora Corbett who swept the field with incomparable grace whenever she came on. And there is an indefinable quality of tension about her acting which is the hall-mark of real acting.

So Perry has done it at last. No one can blame him. It is entirely his own affair and nobody else's. But it is sad. There is something very artificial about these professional circuses. It is possible to applaud the skill of the professors, but it is not possible to work up any real excitement over the matches. The atmosphere of championship and Davis Cup is something which can never be reproduced in exhibition play.

Perry certainly has deserved well of his lawn-tennis-playing country. By his own matchless skill he raised Britain out of the doldrums—whatever they are—to the championship of the world, and he has provided an example and an inspiration for the rising generation.

Golden Miller, that inscrutable steeplechaser, seems to have performed two remarkable feats at Aintree last week. At least, he did so according to the racing correspondent of sweet old Granny *Times*. In the first place he actually got round the whole course without falling, a thing he has not done since he won the Grand National. That in itself was remarkable, but it was nothing in comparison to the second. "I have never seen him more full of life," writes Granny's Turf-boy, "and as he tore his way down to the gate, he really ate up the ground." Wow!

From an evening newspaper: "Signor Grandi has solved the problem of the London climate. He has bought a house at Wentworth."

*Wedding Guest and Host*

*The wedding was between Major Eric Dutton and Miss Myrtle Gough. The Duchess of Gloucester and General Sir Hubert Gough were at his daughter's wedding. At the same moment, Mr. E. Williams was asking his question about General Gough in the House of Commons*

*Norman Parkinson*

# Lord Mayor of London for the Coronation

The Right Honourable Sir George Broadbridge, Knight, Alderman of Candlewick in the City of London, Master-Elect of the Worshipful Company of Loriners, has just entered, as Coronation Lord Mayor, the fullest year of his full life; the Show (pictures of it on pp. 294-5) made a fine opening to it. George Thomas Broadbridge was born in Brighton sixty-seven years ago, got his first training in a solicitor's office (his former chief was at the banquet last week), came up to London, without a cat, but with a motto which Whittington would have approved: it appears beneath his crest—"Industria et Perseverantia." Within the sound of Bow Bells his name soon became a power; tin was his speciality, and at one time he was chairman of fourteen companies at once. His civic progress was equally rapid. Knighted in 1929, he became a Sheriff three years ago. That was only three years after his appointment as Alderman. He sees eye to eye with the Chancellor of the Exchequer about physical fitness and practises what he preaches; he was first chairman of the Brighton and Hove Football Club, and when he lived at Purley used to rise for a swim at seven. Now he has to confine himself to physical jerks in the Mansion House each morning

*Conversation Piece at the Primrose League Ball*

*Flowers in the Hair*

*Above on the left are the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Durham and Sir Anthony Weldon. Above, with the flowers in her hair, is Lady Dufferin and Ava; with her is the Hon. Charles Winn, who had just got back from Paris that day. The Primrose League Ball was held at Grosvenor House, with Lady Castlereagh and Lady Durham as Chairman and vice-Chairman*

# Going Out to Goings-On

## The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

To be witty, pretty and extremely clever would be enough to make for popularity in this somewhat dull world. Add kindness and a great capacity for friendship, and our thoughts turn to Lady Queensberry, who, we were glad to see, appears to have entirely recovered from her recent operation.

She presided over a meeting and cocktail-party to arrange the Tauber concert and film première on December 2nd in aid of All Saints' Hospital.

It was held at her delightful house in Cheyne Walk, and we admired the zebra-striped stair-carpet, star-spangled ceiling in the drawing-room, and delicious curtains of pale, shiny pink chintz piped with scarlet.

The concert promises to have a star-spangled audience too, as many of the Hollywood notorieties at present visiting these shores have taken tickets.

### *A Bombshell Engagement*

Mrs. Carl Bendix's bombshell engagement to Captain Lionel Neame came as a complete surprise to most of her friends. It shows great intelligence in these times to be able to keep a romance so quiet. Things usually work the other way round, and many scented romances come to nothing.

Nowadays some people go even further and talk of engagement rings and "being in love" when one of the parties is still firmly married! This, we must say, would appear to be in the worst of taste, and it is a relief to think that at least one of recent culprits is not English.

To return to the Bendix-Neame engagement: we understand that Rumania and Hungary are the chosen countries for the honeymoon, and that the wedding will take place at St. Ethelburga's, that quaint old City church that rescues twice-marrieds from the banality of a registry office.

### *Of Interest to Country Cousins*

If you want to take a country cousin round the town any night, the Dorchester is a winner as far as supper and a cabaret are concerned, and, what matters more to a country cousin, the audience is always interesting and well worth the interest of any "C.C."

We went there on Tuesday last after the first night of *Muted Strings* at Daly's Theatre, and found well-knowns such as Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid entertaining the young Mark Pilkingtons and the beautiful Susan Bligh, a family party of Hankés and Tillottsons (those two sisters convinced us that the plainest black, sans flowers, jewellery or furs, is the chicest evening outfit), and in a crowded room we also noticed the Duchess of Buccleuch, in a wine-coloured velvet wrap and ultra-simple, thin, dark dress, dancing with Mr. Bobbie Sweeny.

### *Too Well to Go Home*

After "'flu," which makes you feel so ill that ordinary health afterwards misleads you into a belief in giant health and strength, we were misguided enough to feel too well to go home, and must needs look into the Four Hundred, that dim, crowded boîte that keeps us up till all the wrong hours, and sends men yawning to the City in the morning and makes "hen luncheons" almost peevish.

A glimpse of a beauteous, hatless Sylvia Fairbanks at the Ritz next day revived our drooping spirits, a friendly bump into the co-hostess at the best party given yet, Lady Headfort, the sight of Mrs. Glorney's superb mink coat, and the shallowness, albeit becomingness, of hats worn by Lady Weymouth and Mrs. "Ali" Mackintosh.

### *A Perfect Background*

Every day we hear of more people going to live in Regent's Park and St. John's Wood, but never of anyone leaving those popular purlieus.

In Cumberland Place, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sweeny have just settled down in one of the most attractive houses, surely, in all London.

Furniture and house decoration not being our strong point (it shames us to admit it in these artistic and enlightened times), we hesitate to attempt to describe in detail the décor of this charming house, but the Sweenys must be glad to be living once more among their own lovely possessions after years in hotels and service suites.

Suffice it to say that much of the period is Regency, and that the pale pastel colourings of the two drawing-rooms and Mrs. Sweeny's quiet (oh, so peaceful!) bedroom make a perfect background for her silver hair and delicate Dresden-china complexion.

### *Clamour for French*

It is ages since we have enjoyed two-and-a-half hours of such quiet and consistent amusement as we discovered at *French Without Tears* at the Criterion.

If you care to spend an entire evening with a broad smile on your face watching the vampish antics of Kay Hammond and listening to really witty and true-to-life dialogue, go and see whether or not we are right.

Afterwards, intrigued by the idea of the dignified Embassy Club starting a cabaret of its own, we popped in there.

Pils and Tabet are grand, and after singing several songs in French and

*A Register-office Wedding*

*Wing-Commander F. O. Soden, son of F. H. Soden, of St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, and the Hon. Mrs. Wanda Baillie-Hamilton, were married at Caxton Hall Register Office. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Holden, of Norton Priory, Chichester. Her first husband was Lord Haddington's brother, the Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton*

*An Engagement*

*Mrs. Daisy Bendix and Mr. Lionel Neame announced their engagement last week, and are being married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, on November 26th. Mrs. Bendix has an eight-year-old son, Michael, by her first husband, Carl Bendix*

*A Wedding in Church*

*The Hon. Patrick Mitchell-Thomson and Miss Phœbette Swithinbank were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is Lord Selsdon's only son, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crossley Swithinbank, of Donnington Grove, Newbury*

*A Charity Dinner*

*Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow and Captain Euan Wallace, M.P., were at the festival dinner in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital at Grosvenor House, over which the Duke of Gloucester presided*

English they ask the audience in which language they would prefer the next song. Being English, the audience clamour for a French song, just to impress themselves, we suppose, with their thoroughly Continental taste!

***Great Lumps of Amber***

THE Countess of Warwick in dark blue slipper satin, was the prettiest girl in the room. She does her hair in the new rolled-back way, which suits her a treat, and arrived with the two Roberts, Throckmorton and Sweeny. Lady Portarlington, in a lovely white lace dress, was the best dancer in the room; Mrs. Michael Arlen wore the best necklace—three rows of great lumps of amber—which she never took off on the Riviera this summer even when bathing. She and her husband had Edward G. Robinson, the film star, dining with them.

Other film stars of the first water who were to be seen that night were Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne, who were dining at Quaglino's with Lord and Lady Plunket. Mrs. Edythe d'Erlanger and Lord Donegall were also in this party.

***Audience for Ballet***

SADLER'S WELLS went "smart" last week for the Queen Charlotte's Hospital ballet gala, but that is nothing so unusual as it was in the days when Seymour Leslie organised his first charity event in Rosebery Avenue. Nowadays any première there gets a white-tie audience.

The centre-piece of the programme was Frederick Ashton's new Delius ballet, *Nocturne*, very attractive, with a touching little theme (suggested to Ashton by Edward Sackville-West), and lovely early-Edwardian dresses by Sophie Fedorovitch.

Lady Howard de Walden, who works very hard for the hospital, was the evening's chairman, but couldn't be there as her doctors still don't let her go out at night. Lady Headfort had two sons with her—Lord Bective, and his charming, warm-hearted wife, and Lord William Taylour.

There were lots of attractive young-marrieds, like Lady Revelstoke, Mrs. Guy Carleton-Paget, Lady Anne Rhys, and the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Brett. The last-named had with her her sister, Penelope Pike, who is engaged to Lord Ronaldshay. And the two "dancing debutantes" were there, of course—Lady Rose Paget, whom every artist must long to paint, and the Hon. Grania Guinness.

***Fathers Were Shy***

THE half-term week-end at St. Peter's Court, Broadstairs, causes local hotels and golf-courses to take on almost an air of a "White's" or "Bachelors'" meeting.

Smart mamas go down in dozens to take their offspring out to lunch and tea, and it was only due to the appalling weather the other day that the golf-courses were deserted and it became an indoor meeting.

At the Granville, at Ramsgate, Lady Plunket, the Anthony Lowthers, Tennyson d'Eyncourts, and Sir John and Lady Dashwood stayed while visiting their sons and heirs; the Roland Cubitts stayed nearby with friends.

At a school concert, fathers were noticeably shy and refused to join in any sort of community singing; mothers being much braver, faced the ordeal with greater spirit.

***Little Bricks Mean Big Bricks***

LESS than six months ago a society was formed known as the "Little Bricks." There are now nearly one thousand members, consisting of children of all sizes and ages.

They pay one shilling to join and get a medal plus bars when they make new members. They collect farthings, silver paper, and toothpaste tubes, all of which, believe it or not, means big bricks to build up St. George's Hospital.

On November 21st at the Hyde Park Hotel, there is to be a children's party in aid of this estimable cause. From three-thirty to six-thirty there will be dancing, a bran pie, and a Punch and Judy show; tickets, 7/6 each, include tea.

If you have children or know children who would like to go, ring up Sloane 4774.

MISS PEEPS

*Mr. Cecil Beaton and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell were in the audience—they often are at Sadler's Wells. Mrs. Sitwell was there with her husband*

*Lady Brocket and Lady Mary Manningham-Buller are both great enthusiasts; Lady Brocket is chairman, and Lady Mary Manningham-Buller is a member of the Vic-Wells' "Plan" committee*

# Ballet for Charity

## The Queen Charlotte's Hospital Gala at Sadler's Wells

*Lady O'Neill talked to Lord Erne on her way in. He was one of the two new Lords-in-Waiting to the King appointed a few weeks ago*

*Right: Major and Mrs. Ian Hay Beith went together. The first night of his new play, "The Housemaster," took place two nights later*

*Miss de Nys and Mrs. Philip Hill were two of the attractive women in the audience; Mrs. Hill took a party*

The gala for Queen Charlotte's Hospital was also the première of *Nocturne*, a ballet to Delius's *Paris* music by Frederick Ashton, with Margot Fonteyn, June Brae, and Robert Helpmann in the chief parts. *Prometheus*, Ninette de Valois' ballet, which was first given a month ago, and her *Gods Go a-Begging*, made up a programme which showed very well the strength and scope of the company. The evening was linked-up with the inauguration of the "Plan" which aims at bringing the Vic-Wells' School and Company nearer to the ideal set by the Russian Imperial Theatre

*Lord and Lady Bective made the journey to Rosebery Avenue, and sat in the circle*

# Standing By . . .

## A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

DESPITE an appeal to the Hamburg Supreme Court, signed by Lord Horder, Julian Huxley, Vaughan Williams, A. A. Milne, and a lot of British Dons and M.P.'s and authors and people, the execution for high treason of Edgar André, the German Red leader, took place the other day. Possibly unjustly; we 're in no position to judge. It 's the attitude of our humanitarian dons and literary boys which chiefly interests us here—their selective sympathy, we mean; the way they stick their noses into certain foreign injustices, and steadily ignore others. Some third-rate pamphleteer gets kicked in the pants or heaved out of, say, Brazil or Latvia for Red propaganda. Instantly a howl for "freedom" goes up from a dozen of the literary boys, including H. G. Wells, and an indignant manifesto is despatched. At this moment a violent religious persecution by the Reds is raging in Mexico, and has been raging some time. Do any of the boys ever let out a single squeak of protest? Not on your life. All that stuff about sacred humanity and freedom of speech and tralala works only one way, then? Eh? It seems like it.

So, as Byron said, let 's have a drink:

Strike other chords,
Fill high the cup with
Samian wine! . . .
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold
Bacchanal!

As a matter of fact, the red wine of Samos is sweet and filthy, with a headache in every pint, but Byron wasn't to know this, being a gin-fan.

### *In Kind*

THE most interesting bit of the revised Nazi Criminal Code is a clause which decrees that if a citizen is too poor to pay a fine for some misdemeanour, the State will take it out of him in labour. Since a citizen can obviously only contribute to the State the labour he is physically or mentally equipped for, it logically follows that if a German poet is arrested for murdering a publisher and is too poor to pay the fine—probably about 10 marks, judging by our own Code—he 'll have to pay the penalty in sonnets.

Isn't that rather a grim spectacle to summon up? There 's the unhappy poet, scribbling away for dear life. On either side of him stands a policeman swinging a club, ready to bean the Child of the Muses if he tries any funny business. "How 's it coming?" barks the visiting inspector, making his daily round. "Lousy," says one of the guards, giving the agonised poet a gentle crack on the mazzard by way of prelude. "Look at this!" says the other guard contemptuously, whipping the top sheet of foolscap off the pile. The inspector scans it briefly, says, "Okay, boys, give him the works," and stamps out. The poet is then dragged off his chair, given half-a-dozen of the best, thumped down again, and told to make it good and make it plenty.

A really terrible aspect of such a case is that the State may order these punishment-sonnets to be printed and distributed, in which case the whole community would have to suffer with its erring brother, God forbid.

### *Cause Célèbre*

TO any admirer of politicians, as we are, one of the 10,000 entrancing passages of G. K. Chesterton's just-published autobiography is the bit about the Marconi Share Case, which seemed pretty terrible to a lot of people all those years ago, though to-day we 're more cynical about public life and probably wouldn't turn a hair. The nub of the attack on certain Ministers of the Crown, brilliantly and relentlessly delivered by Cecil Chesterton week after week in the *Eye-Witness*, was that they received a financial tip, in the Stock Exchange sense, from a Government contractor whose contract was at that very moment being considered by the Government, the said contractor being a brother of one of the Ministers. The (Liberal) Government in due course gave the contractor his monopoly, and there we all were, nice and cosy.

The amusing thing was that the Ministers, driven at length by increasing attacks to do something, didn't prosecute Chesterton's *Eye-Witness* for libel, nor the *Morning Post*, nor the *National Review*, but . . . *Le Matin*. Having then shyly admitted that they had in fact received a large number of shares from the American branch of the

*"You don't want that, Madam, that 's the flower pot"*

*"It's so easy to spoil a dog, don't you think?"*

Marconi Company, they were duly whitewashed by Fleet Street and the fun was over, except that Cecil Chesterton had to be writted for personal libel. What fun it must have been—especially the high moral indignation of the boys before they were forced into daylight. "Baseless rumours," said one of them, with flashing eyes, "passing from one foul lip to another!" With a hey, ho, hoop de diddle.

***Grave Charge Dept.***

"It all seems to me very odd," is the final remark of Hedvig in *The Wild Duck*, bringing down the curtain on Act. III. not a moment too soon, and we thought the other night the girl was about right. Ibsen revivals nevertheless give us a mild mystified kick, because we like skimming through the critic boys' appreciations afterwards. One of the actresses in *The Wild Duck* (so called because no wild duck appears in it) looked for one moment like a beautiful terrified owl. We observed that none of the boys gave her another mark for extra-Ibsenish symbolism.

What we're leading up to is really a frigid accusation, long overdue. We accuse the critic boys, led by our old mentor and tease, James ("Boss") Agate, of cynical conspiracy when they try to put it across us that Daddy Ibsen is the king-pin of the World's Cerebral Drama. We're not talking without our book of words. There was a time when we ploughed steadily through the whole Ibsen corpus, half asphyxiated by the prevailing smell of old damp umbrellas and hoping to Heaven it wasn't all about whiskery councillors of the little provincial town of X-köping who'd lost the municipal drainpipe-contract because Dr. Krogstadt was making snuffy passes at Mrs. Bürping. But that's what most of it seemed to be, and we don't believe the critic boys any more.

His fellow-Swede Strindberg is worth ten of Daddy, in our estimation. So is Schönberg. So is Lindbergh. So are Goldberg, Blumberg, Schlumberg, Fineberg, and Iceberg. So is A. G. Macdonell. So are Florence Nightingale and Beverley Nichols and the Girl Guides and the O-So-Kumfee Furnishing Co., Ltd., to cite a few more names which spring to mind. They tried this last Ibsen show on us in modern clothes, and without the traditional whiskers, hoping we wouldn't notice anything. Huh, huh!

***Children's Hour***

FILM star Jackie Cooper (fourteen years old, 5 ft. 6 in. high, 9 st. 5 lb., according to his press-agent) is about to be temporarily retired from the racket, a Hollywood cable says. He's a little too big now to kiss Wallace Beery and not quite big enough to kiss Claudette Colbert, not to speak of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and big stiffs like Robert Benchley, Donald Ogden Stewart, P. G. Wodehouse, etc. (Not that anybody can kiss Benchley and get away with it. We saw a Park Avenue deb kiss him once by chance at a sort of party, and a painful fuss ensued. "Hello, Mr. Benchley," said the sweet girl, crimsoning. "I thought you were President Lincoln—'Honest Abe' as his many friends styled him!" "Hell to that," said Benchley, hitting out sulkily on all sides, "I'm plain Mrs. Langtry, otherwise known as the Swedish Nightingale, and listen, will you either get to hell out of here or would anyone care to join me in the sensuous Viennese Waltz?" The band then struck up Tales from the Vienna Forest, and the incident closed. Where were we? Oh, yes——)

Well, talking about little Freddie Bartholomew—as sweet a child as ever stepped—it's our private opinion that Charles Laughton in this Christmas' *Peter Pan* will be the finest Wendy that ever wore a nightshirt, the Wendy of our dreams. Kicking those twins in the pants, giving Peter a thimble—which means a fairy kiss—followed by a brisk sock on the jaw, having the mutinous pirates flogged. . . . One moment. . . . We've got so much Press-agents' stuff to cope with at this moment we hardly know. . . . Right ho! . . . No, wait. He's the Boy Bergner. . . . No, hang on. . . . It's another play altogether. *She's* Bergner. Play by Barrie officially, but she says it's really by Almighty God

*"The Art Editor can't see jokes except on Tuesdays"*

(*Strand Magazine* interview with Curtis Brown, last Spring). That 's it—*The Boy David*, and a coy little devil he 'll turn out to be also, we shouldn't wonder ! And *now* what about a waltz ?

***Yoo-Hoo, Book Society !***

WHEN Lord Hewart said in a speech at a literary function the other day that " the number of people destroyed by improvident reading would hardly fill a respectable dock," he was obviously being polite to the boys and girls. A lot of the stuff they write—the more erotic of the modern girls especially—is obviously harmful. Even a really great work of art like *Madame Bovary* must have sent large numbers of respectable housewives haywire. Masses of them must have fancied themselves after reading it to be creatures of passionate urgings and doom, like Emma Bovary, even if they looked like jolly suet puddings. And Byron's works, it is notorious, sent large numbers of medical students and other romantic but pimply young citizens temporarily nutty. They all became proud, dark, moody, diabolic, melancholic Don Juans, tying their neckerchiefs awry and cynically spurning the conventions. One could cite dozens more examples of the kind, all highly deleterious and leading direct to the Law Courts.

We keep insisting, whenever we 're in literary company, that there 's a cure for all this endless literary exhibitionism and inhibition-mongering by dim spinsters of either sex—a simple, healthy, rational, British cure. Get 'em to the nets, we cry. Get 'em into flannels, dammit, and give 'em hell. Fresh air and cricket, we cry. Half an Hour with Hobbs ! is our slogan. Apart from the curative effect, we 'd like to see cricketers mingling with the literary gang for æsthetic reasons. Those long, solemn cricketing faces on the one hand, those fish-like literary faces on the other—we 'd sit and watch 'em reacting on one another for hours, more fascinated than if we were in the Zoo Aquarium. Supposing (for example) some of them mated ? Supposing (if it isn't too macabre a thought) they had offspring ? Are we being rather imaginatively indelicate ? Rather horrid ? Are we really ? Put it down to the fact that we 've been in bed with a cold, reading a couple of last week's girlish masterpieces.

***Inferno***

A CURIOUSLY macabre incident during the première of the Korda-Laughton *Rembrandt* film has come to our notice. As you may remember, the occasion turned London upside down and disorganised the whole traffic-system because La Dietrich was reported to be going (and did). Excited by the imminence of the Dietrich and the four-deep swirl of taxis and cars struggling to get near the theatre, a police officer temporarily lost his reason, detached himself from the 10,000 troops and police who were holding back the mob, and rushed at an approaching taxi conveying two irreproachable persons in exquisite evening clothes with pink tickets. " Go on ! " he yelled at the driver. " Go on ! *Go on !* " The two pink tickets implored him to let them get out first. " Go on ! " he roared at the driver. " *Go on !* " So after driving round and round Leicester Square for half an hour, swept past the theatre each time they neared it, weeping unavailingly and stretching out imploring arms in desire for the distant shore, the two unhappy pink tickets gave it up and drove home to bed.

Livid blue searchlights on the theatre façade swept them pitilessly as they chugged round and round the hopeless Square. It was just like Dante, they said.

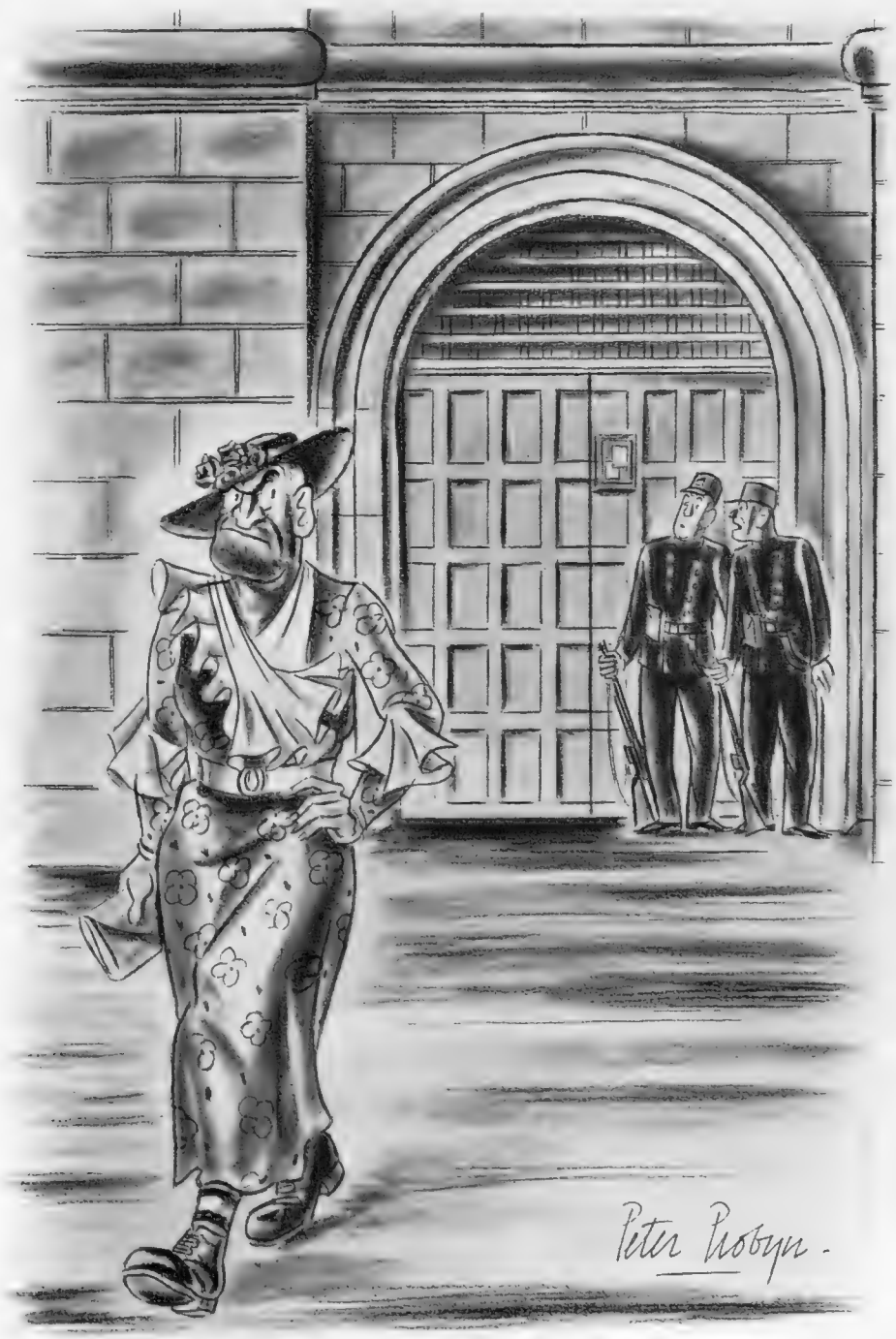
***Dumb Friends' Corner***

AT Heston Airport, it seems, they have to buy mousetraps for aeroplanes—which sounds like a crack out of *Through the Looking-Glass*, but isn't. The mice live in the wings, devour the spars, if wooden, and dig away the kapok soundproofing to make their nests. In the Navy they have much the same trouble with sea-gulls, which crave (according to Auntie *Times's* Aeronautical Expert) the spirituous " dope " on seaplane wings and peck holes in them daily.

Cows also have been known to eat wing-fabric with relish, which shows what utter fools cows are. A man we know was fishing in the Spey when a cow ate his mackintosh. In billets behind the Line during the late War a cow came up softly behind a major in a neighbouring regiment to ours and sucked up all his bath-water—while, mark you, the major was actually in his bath. For two pins it would have eaten the major as well, which, some of his brother-officers said thoughtfully, would only have shown what strong stomachs cows have.

And that reminds us—in a book the other day we read that in Elizabeth's reign Mayfair was full of cows. One hardly knows what to say about that, it 's so interesting.

**D. B. Wyndham Lewis**




" *Are you* quite *certain that 's the Governor's daughter ?* "

# "After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

## Celebrities in Cameo

No. 47

# Jim Lawrence

IT would be a great mistake to imagine that Jim Lawrence is a brunette edition of Eddie Tatham. True, both go to a lot of parties. Both are bachelors. Both are willowy and well over six foot. But that is not sufficient evidence. Peripatetic Jim ("Lupe") Lawrence is nothing like so casual as he pretends. Riding the Cresta is sixty seconds more closely packed with excitement and the consequent need for sheer concentration than any other minute in existence—except perhaps the take-off in a Transatlantic flight.

After all, visualise First Bank with its curve to the left and steep drop to Second Bank, which is still sharper to the right, and Third Bank to the left again. Then Rise with its acute bend to the right—perhaps the trickiest of all to negotiate—and Battledore and Shuttlecock after that. Of course, Stream Corner is nothing, but you still have Bulpetts Scylla and Charybdis ending with the Cresta Leap when you should be travelling at least at eighty miles per hour. And you do, if you are Jim. Look at his record. Last year he won the Carlton Cup, Heaton Gold Cup, Bathurst Speed Cup, and Barclay-Harvey Cup. What's more, he was second in the Grand National and the Curzon Cup as well.

Oddly enough, the latter gives him a bigger kick. He thinks that if you start from Junction you are much more likely to crash. So far he has only broken a bone in his wrist, cut his face (though pretty badly), and had three stitches in his left leg. At the moment, I fancy, he is getting that creepy but pleasing anticipation—which is inevitable in November—at the thought of taking his Hawks sweater for another ride on the Cresta. But that doesn't stop him from his duties with Walter Lawrence and Son, Ltd., Ring and Brymer, London Town Buildings, and Walter Lawrence Estates, Ltd. (as you may guess, he is the eldest son of Sir Walter Lawrence), although he worked all through August and most of September.

BY rights Jim has no Latin blood in him, but I suspect a bootleg Spanish strain through his Irish grandmother who derives from the South of Ireland, where several ships of the Armada came to grief. That is the only way to explain his apparent laziness, his obvious charm, and his latent brilliance.

It was while he was still at Cambridge that he developed the hoaxing habit. As a bogus Proctor he raided a dance hall at Bedford and took the names of various undergraduates. As a self-appointed policeman he held up a number of motorists along the Huntingdon Road. These were only two of his exploits.

To-day, although in the early thirties and practically a non-drinker, he suffers from gout. He has never smoked. He never wears a white tie without a white carnation. He is intensely keen on squash rackets and plays for the Bachelors' Club. He wears black suède shoes with a dark suit; has acquired an "A" licence as a pilot; and used to drive a car with such abandon that he was not only gonged six times, but also was responsible for a recurring nightmare of mine in which I found the bonnet of his motor-car extending into my drawing-room. Actually, after his last encounter with the authorities he drives very slowly indeed.

Jim is a puzzling fellow in every way. But then, even his Christian name is almost a question-mark. He was baptised Walter Woollard Lawrence, but he has been called Jim since he was a week old.

O.K., Jim?

**Charles Graves**

*Cannons of Hollywood*

# Albert Coates — Composer and Conductor

Albert Coates is musical director of the new British Music Drama Opera Company which opens its four weeks' season at Covent Garden to-night. The motto of the new Company runs "Opera is music drama, it must be acted as well as sung"; Vladimir Rosing, the producer, is responsible for seeing that the acting part of the motto is put into practice. A new opera by Albert Coates called *Pickwick* is being given for the first time on Friday evening; it will be the first televised opera, as four scenes are being broadcast from Alexandra Palace that afternoon. Coates was born in Russia, of English parents, began his career by studying science with Sir Oliver Lodge, tried business in his father's office, and then switched to music for good. He learnt conducting under Nikisch, was the principal conductor of the Imperial Opera at Petrograd for a time, came back to England in 1919, and since then has worked with the London Symphony Orchestra, the Philharmonic Society, the New York Philharmonic, and again for a time in Russia. He is fifty-four, has written one other opera, *Samuel Pepys*, is conducting two concerts with the L.S.O. this season

# French Film Star à la Chinoise: Danielle Darrieux

Mlle. Darrieux, first seen here in *La Crise est Finie*, is enchanting patrons of the Curzon Cinema in her part of Marie Vetsera, the young baroness whose love for Rudolph of Austria (Charles Boyer) led to a suicide pact carried out at Mayerling—the hunting lodge which gives its name to the film. In this part of tragic passion she makes the most of her ethereal beauty, and in her newest part the make-up man makes the most of it to convert her to a Chinese heroine. The name of the film is also its place—*Port Arthur*; it's directed by Nicolas Farkas, maker of *La Bataille*

*Peter North*

# Lady Katherine Bigham — an Attractive Young-Married

Lady Katherine Bigham is the elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne; she married the Hon. Edward Bigham, Viscount and Viscountess Mersey's eldest son, in 1933. She and her husband have one son, born in 1934, and christened Richard Maurice Clive, and live in Upper Harley Street. At the moment they are in America, but are expected back in England early next month

*Markova*

*Mark*
*solo*
*Liszt'*
*parts*
*Odett*
*with*
*secon*

*Left*

*" Da*
*paint*
*produ*
*seaso*
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*The*
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# Markova and Dolin

## Studies of the Two English Dancers Who Have Their Own Ballet Company

The Markova-Dolin Company are at present on a tour which brought them recently to the outskirts of London (Wimbledon and Hammersmith), and which ends just before Christmas. In the New Year the great Nijinska is joining them for six months, to coach them and rehearse them in three new ballets. These are a revival of Nijinska's own *Les Biches; Hamlet*, a new ballet by her to Liszt music, in which Dolin will dance Hamlet and Markova Ophelia; and a third production with three movements in the Greek, Empire and Russian manner, to Beethoven music. After six weeks' rehearsal in London of these new productions, the company is off on another provincial tour; they won't be seen again in London until their Coronation season in May

*in Her "Water-Lily" Divertissement*

*ova's beautiful pose is one taken from a dance Anton Dolin arranged for her to s Third "Consolation." Among her classical in the company's repertoire are Giselle, -Odile in "Lac des Cygnes," the pas-de-deux Dolin in "Casse-Noisette." This is the l winter since Markova left Sadler's Wells*

*Dolin as David*

*id," the Biblical ballet for which Epstein d a drop-curtain, was the biggest new rtion of the Markova-Dolin Company last t, and gives Dolin one of his finest rôles, rom the dancing and dramatic point of view. horegraphy is Keith Lester's; it was his ig ballet—and the music is Gordon Jacobs*

*Photographs by Anthony*

# Preview of Switzerland

## Snow and Ice Will Soon Be Ready For You

About this time of year hundreds of healthy (or would-be healthy) people in England begin to get the snow-light in their eyes. They lay out and fondle their suits and boots and skis and sticks, rub grease off skates, oil straps. For them, and more especially for the novice who is wondering what to get and where to go, these pictures are meant to whet the appetite. The Winter Sports Section, which lies between the front cover and the frontispiece of this number, gives more practical help for a season which is going to be fully covered, sportingly and socially, by the "Bystander"

*Speeding Down to St. Moritz*

*Whatever high finance thought about the currency line-up some five weeks ago, the news of a devalued Swiss franc was nothing but good to winter sports circles, putting back on the Englishman's map, as it did, some of the best centres in Europe. This photograph, taken on the lovely slopes above St. Moritz, illustrates the advantage of correct weight-placing from the point of view of speed; the surface is perfect—fast powder snow packed by a slight wind—and the ski-ers, especially the leading trio, have their weight well back, keeping at the same time a good forward position. Other things being equal, the bigger and heavier man has the advantage up to sixty miles an hour; after that the factor of wind resistance helps the small ski-er*

*Sunshine Over Zermatt*

*And over the Matterhorn, the proud peak whose would-be conquerors set out from the small Swiss town. Zermatt is also a good centre for penny-plain ski-ers*

*Left:*

*Moonlight Over Arosa*

*Arosa, lying at the head of the Plessur Valley, is in a well-sheltered cup which holds the promise of abundant snow. Those clear, cold slopes above the light of the town give some idea of the fascination of a moonlit ski-run*

*Baron*

# Phrenological Background for Leslie Banks

"You 're an actor," said the learned owner of the phrenological dummy (in the background) to Leslie Banks (in the foreground). "Right again!" was the reply, but Mr. Banks has promised to sue the "Bystander" for libel if it publishes the rest of the phrenologist's dicta. So, confining the caption to fact: Leslie Banks was born ten years before last century died and graduated to the stage from Keble, Oxford, in 1911. He has been on it ever since, with an interval for dealings with the Germans, 1914-18. The screen, which first claimed him in 1932, has only absorbed a part of his enormous energy, enough to make, among others, *Sanders of the River*, *The Tunnel*, *The Three Maxims*, and Erich Pommer's first two English films, *Fire Over England* (just completed at Denham), and *Troopship* (now filming). Since 1926 he has been well-known as a producer and décor designer. The scenery of *Till the Cows Come Home*, in which he plays lead at the St. Martin's, is his. The first night of that show, as well as being the premiere night of *The Three Maxims* at the Leicester Square, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first stage appearance and his birthday

# The Theatre

## By Herbert Farjeon

### History into Drama — a Playwright's Problem

*Foightin' Oirish: one has fought (Harry Hutchinson); one will fight (J. A. O'Rourke)*

*Boundah! Willie O'Shea (Glen Byam Shaw)*

*Sketches by Rouson*

*The Irish Party was third party to this triangle: Kitty O'Shea (Margaret Rawlings) and Parnell (Wyndham Goldie)*

***"Parnell" (New)***

IN considering this play, let us be warned by the story of the Frenchman who, on seeing the magnificent view from Richmond Hill for the first time, exclaimed, "This is all very fine, no doubt, but take away the river and the trees, and there will be nothing!"

Let us be warned because, confronted by biographical drama of the *Parnell* type, we may be tempted to remark that they, no doubt, like the Richmond view, are all very fine, but take away or change the names of the principal characters, and what remains? Fictionise Parnell by changing his surname to Stuart; remove Captain and Kitty O'Shea from the realm of fact by calling them Captain and Kitty O'Day; rechristen Mr. Gladstone Mr. Goldstone—how much less engrossing they immediately become!

Whereas a play such as Coriolanus, call the characters what you please, remains a masterpiece. The fact that it is as true as Plutarch has nothing to do with the case.

THE fact, on the other hand, that *Parnell* is as true (more or less) as the newspapers of the eighteen-eighties has a great deal to do with the case. When Miss Schauffler sat down to write her play, she knew that the theatre public likes to see historical celebrities come to life. Parnell *was* a great figure. He *was* in love with a married woman. He *was* hounded out of public life in consequence. This is all part of the original reckoning. Any sum will be upset if you take away the number first thought of.

Yet, is not the number first thought of in such cases as this rather a low number? And though what happens in *Parnell* may be dramatic enough for any three-act play, do not Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea themselves emerge as ciphers? Their affection is intense, their troubles are lamentable. But wherein they differed from or resembled other mortals, save in a certain nobility, is not clear. Miss Schauffler, like many playwrights before her, banks on the glamour of truth. And though the presence on the stage this autumn of Becket and Charles I. and Jane Shore and Beethoven indicates that a handful of celebrities may be a handful of trumps, might not that hand be better played if dramatists, when engaged on the actual writing, were to change the names as above suggested, and then change them back on completion?

You have *got* to bring an unknown John Smith to life. Whereas famous poets and politicians have been half-alive ever since the day they died, which is where the danger lies.

THE love affairs of great men are nearly always popular. That Parnell, like Browning and Clive, will run a marathon with Mrs. O'Shea is already assured. Here we have no claptrap. All is sober, sincere, restrained. The restraint, indeed, of Wyndham Goldie as "the uncrowned king of Ireland" is so remarkable that the acting may almost be said to end with the beard. Margaret Rawlings has made a hit as Kitty O'Shea—that means another star part next time for certain. That she has breadth is manifest. That she has subtlety remains to be seen.

Marda Vanne as the kind Aunt Caroline, Glen Byam Shaw as the unscrupulous Captain O'Shea, and Arthur Young as a highly upholstered Gladstone will all be enjoyed. To add that J. A. O'Rourke appears as an Irish member makes it unnecessary to add still further that there is one absolutely perfect little piece of acting.

# Winter Sports Personalities

ENGEN . . . Mrs. Peter Dudgeon
d Mrs. John de B. Stansfield take
eir husbands and a large young
arried party to Wengen every year.
is sunny spot shares Scheidegg's runs.
e curling is magnificent. Shops
e gay and regulars mainly Scottish

KLEINE-SCHEIDEGG (Jungfraujoch) . . . Regulars sunbathing on terrace of only hotel—racing ski-ers Hon. Max Aitken and Christopher Mackintosh with Miss "Toto" Koopman—no skates, brooms, or climbing qualifications required at this paradise for downhill-only ski-ers

GSTAAD . . . The winter scene at this very Parisian and chalet colony is enhanced by two wealthy British bachelors—Lord Michelham and Cecil Latta, who entertain at the Palace where pretty American sub-debs congregate. Nice easy runs—no funicular

MÜRREN . . . would not be the queen of ski centres without Arnold Lunn and son Peter, captain of our 1936 Olympic team. Former justly merits title "father of British ski-ers." Palace has perfect rink, best bridge and buffet in Oberland

SILS-MARIA . . . The exquisitely peaceful Engadine village where Nietzsche wrote philosophy is a juvenile skating centre to which Lady Congleton takes her children. No railway or funicular. Good nursery slopes above Ginger's Waldhaus and good Hanselmann's

DAVOS (Grisons) . . . The sunniest place with the most shops, the undulating Parsenn (27 ways down) and good curling, it has hardy annuals like yachtsman Cyril Culverwell, M.P., and schoolboy son; also Miss Daphne Stephenson with Velsheda family. The Fluela stays full till Easter

# Their Favourite Resorts

ENGELBERG . . . Commander the Hon. John Southwell, his pretty wife and her parents, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Watson, do the Alpine rounds and are specially fond of this curling centre in Central Switzerland, where they ski, skate, and "soop." The brothers Cattani do the honours

KLOSTERS . . . Fifty minutes below Davos by train, this snug Christmas-tree hamlet attracts Parsenn foot-climbers like Lord Clydesdale and happy families like the Cunningham-Reids. They share Davos runs

ST. MORITZ . . . Those who captain St. Moritz's many sets include the magnificent Duke of Alba (above), Princess Donskaia (former Lady Deterding) of Chalet Olga (right), and below: Hon. Ben Bathurst, barrister, Cresta rider; cheerful "Ricardo," Duc de Sangro, President of Corviglia Club; and Hubert (Boat Club jacket) Martineau, Bob President

ADELBODEN (Bernese Oberland) . . . like Arosa, is an admirable spot for manly climbers and ski-runners, including Col. de Lande Long, Gold "K," British Ski Club judge and all that

PONTRESINA . . . Mrs. Valentine Fleming, mother of "rook rifle" Peter, takes small daughter Amaryllis to Pontresina (6000 ft.), where snow is a certainty; also fancy-dress dances at the Kronenhof, good runs, family life and signposts to St. Moritz, 4 Ks.

# Films of the Day

## Halfway to a Masterpiece : By George Campbell

Is it true what they say about *Rembrandt*? Should one's eyes really shine *all* the time? Well, opinions seem to differ somewhat. One school holds that here is another masterpiece comparable with *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*; another suggests that producer and star have lavished time, money, and enormous skill on a story not fundamentally suited to the screen. Probably the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes.

Let me first render unto Korda that which is Korda's. I have never seen a picture made with greater pains and artistry. Vincent Korda, the director's brother, has designed sets at once beautiful and simple and full of the atmosphere of the period. Charles Laughton approached the part of the painter with a reverence, a disdain of the synthetic, that led him to cultivate long hair and straggling moustaches, to the increasing wonderment of diners-out. And Korda has assembled a splendid supporting cast and directed the story with a finesse, a subtlety, and at the same time an understanding of the simplicity of genius which people who know him only as the witty, highly sophisticated, ultra-cynical man of the world may find rather surprising.

*"His Lordship" and his Lordship's Brother*

*George Arliss has a double part in his new film, a Gaumont-British adaptation of Neil Grant's "The Nelson Touch." He plays Lord Duncaster, the pompous politician, and Richard, his rolling-stone brother, who brings a tangle of sheikhs and murder and Near East plottings home with him. Renee Ray has the chief feminine part; Herbert Mason directed. The film had its premiere on Monday at the New Gallery in aid of the Women's Holiday Fund*

Scene after scene in *Rembrandt* could not be bettered by any director living. One could see the painter's encounter with the beggar who plays King Saul (Roger Livesey) again and again; there is a beautiful pathos in the death scene of the painter's mistress, Hendrickje (Elsa Lanchester), who acts all through with winning simplicity and charm; and Gertrude Lawrence is strong and efficient as the shrewish Geertke, who really was rather put upon, poor woman.

I have rarely admired Miss Lawrence's acting in the past, though I recognised her latent talent and possibilities. She always struck me as irritatingly artificial; the tricks with which she got most of her laughs—the finger rotated in the hair, the exaggerated drawl, and so forth—were both cheap and monotonous. It is a proof of Mr. Korda's ability as a director that in *Rembrandt* she has shed all these mannerisms and given a first-rate straight performance, full of vigour and genuine fire. Some day she must put aside sex appeal and glamour. She should then make a welcome addition to the half-dozen character actresses who give the English stage at least half of what distinction it possesses.

In common fairness one must say a word, too, for Carl Zuckmayer and June Head, who wrote most of the script. Mr. Laughton, inspired possibly by the success of his recitation of Lincoln's great Gettysburg speech in *Ruggles of Red Gap*, speaks the coloured prose of the Old Testament magnificently, and there is another speech, in which he silences philandering jesters by praising his wife, that would be hard to match in the literature of the screen for rich and sonorous beauty. One hardly expects to hear the movies talking in the accents of Sir Thomas Browne.

Granting all these qualities, then, what is wrong with *Rembrandt* as entertainment? Only that it is, on the whole, interesting rather than exciting. Perhaps it is the tempo that is at fault. The story marches like an army, picturesquely, impressively, but slowly, towards its appointed end. It would be the better for a few alarms and excursions, wild gallops and reckless charges. When Korda made *Henry VIII.*, when Laughton played Bligh, you sat glued to your chair with moist palms, afraid to take your eyes from the screen for fear of missing something vital. At the first night of *Rembrandt* I saw a distinguished author walk out into the refreshment room for a box of matches, confident that nothing much would have happened by the time he got back.

There was a time when one expected great things of Rouben Mamoulian. His *City Streets* was one of the best gangster pictures ever made—nonchalantly blood-curdling, horrifyingly real; and *Song of Songs*, his Dietrich picture, had at least what Hollywood calls glamour. His *Gay Desperado* is altogether more trivial. Its principal claim to our interest is that it pokes fun rather neatly at gangster pictures, Mexican pictures, musical pictures, romantic outlaw pictures—in fact, half Hollywood's stock-in-trade.

A Mexican bandit chief (Leo Carrillo) sees so many American movies, with gangsters taking each other for a ride, and scientifically mowing each other down with machine-guns, that he decides his own *mañana* ways are out of date. Even bandits must move with the time if they are to move at all. He will make his band efficient. He will adopt the American technique. An American girl (Ida Lupino) becomes mixed up in it, a gang of real American crooks pursue her, and the whole thing becomes more and more farcical until the formula is worked out to everybody's satisfaction. Nino Martini sings finely, Carrillo is perfect as the bandit, and Harold Huber and Mischa Auer score heavily as his lieutenants.

I cannot wholeheartedly commend *Thank You, Jeeves*, except for a superlative performance by Arthur Treacher as the gentleman's gentleman. Mr. Wodehouse's charm depends too much on wisecracks and farcical situations, amusing to read but impossible to translate into life. To laugh at a man you must have reason to believe that somewhere, somehow, the creature really lives. Mr. Wodehouse's creatures do not live—at least, not outside the private world ruled by Mr. Wodehouse. I am afraid, therefore, that *Thank You, Jeeves* must be regarded as strictly fan entertainment. If you are a lover of Bertie Wooster and Jeeves, then by all means beetle along and enjoy what you are pretty sure to regard as a good egg. Others may find the idiom a little too nineteen-twenty-ish.

"Fredlös" is well worth seeing, if only for its full-blooded story, its lovely scenery in Finland, and its Lapp heroine with eyebrows that have to be seen to be believed

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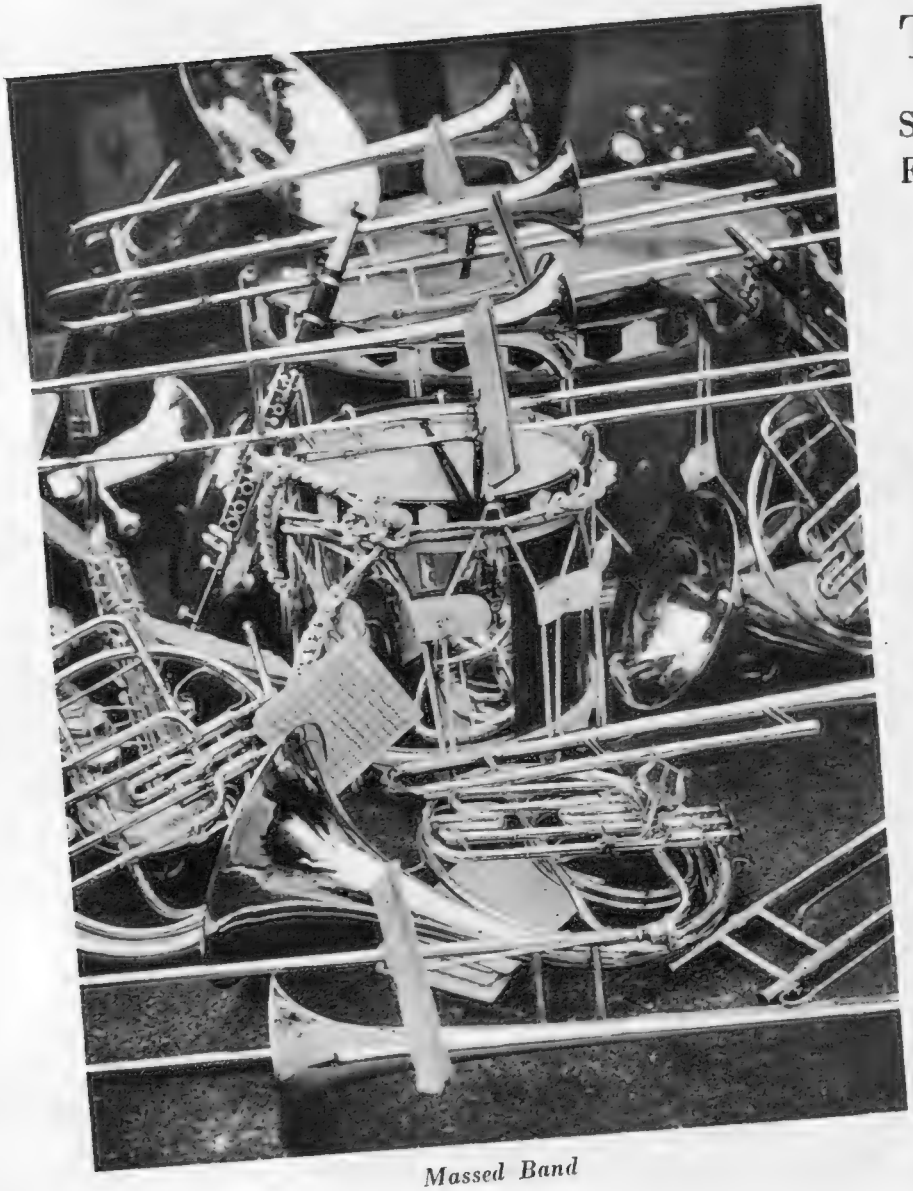
*Drumming for the Stuarts*

*Drumming for the Hanovers*

# The Show from the Wings

## Sidelights on the Lord Mayor's Foretaste of Coronation Pageantry

*Photographs by Norman Parkinson*



*Massed Band*

*Taking the Salute*

*"Let Battle Commence!"*

*Follow My Leader*

*The drummer of the band of the 16/5th Lancers led (after the customary detachment of police) the whole procession. Bandsmen's horses, although trained for quietness, have a precautionary extra curb rein attached to the stirrups*

*Left: at Gresham Street the whole procession marches past the new and the retiring Lord Mayors and the Sheriffs (and the crowd) until the coach draws up and the officials get in for their state ride. This is an Ensign of the Royal Fusileers (1685)*

*Meat and Drink for the King's Musick*

*Miss Johnson and Miss Baring*

*Miss Hope Johnson, Lady Ainsworth's attractive daughter, did dresser for Miss Doreen Baring after they'd arrived at the Cottesmore meet at Oxey Farm*

*Right: the Duchess of Grafton is with Lady Ainsworth, the meet was the Cottesmore one at Oxey Farm. The Duchess's husband succeeded in August, when his cousin, the twenty-two-year-old Duke, was killed motor-racing*

*The New Duchess of Grafton*

# They Went Hunting

## And Looked Like This Before the Mud Began to Fly

*Mrs. Arthur Pilkington*

*Mrs. Pilkington took her small son Thomas to the Armistice Day meet of the Belvoir at Thorpe Arnold*

*Capt. Richard and Lady Lettice Cotterell*

*The Cotterells took their two daughters, Rose, aged four, and Anne, aged three, to the opening meet of the Radnorshire and West Herefordshire. They live at Garnons, near Hereford*

*Right: the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Greenall were at the Belvoir meet at Croxton Park. He has been joint-Master of the Belvoir with Colonel Colman since 1934. Mrs. Greenall is Sir Joseph Laycock's daughter*

*The Hon. Edward and Mrs. Greenall*

remember
that visit
to your old headmistress
and how
you felt
like a "little girl"
once again? . . .

remember
how
that feeling
went
immediately
you lit
your first cigarettes? . . .

remember
how
you *then*
realised
what
a blessing
a cigarette
is
on such occasions?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

*Right : Lord Normanton and the Hon. Mrs. Prior-Palmer were at Hawthorn Hill for the first meeting of the season there under National Hunt rules*

*Racing at Hawthorn Hill*

*Miss Diana Clarke had Mr. Teddy Lambton and Lord Forbes, Lord Granard's elder son, as her Windsor escorts. She has quite recovered now from the bad fall which gave her severe concussion*

*Left : Muriel Lady Fitz-Herbert was with Major Jack Rutherford, brother of Captain D'Arcy Rutherford, who has gone to Hollywood as Lord Warwick's manager. Lady FitzHerbert's Priority ran at Leicester two days later but it didn't win*

*In Their Home Sun*

*The two sisters on the right are Miss Denise and Miss Winfreda Bevan, daughters of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Edmund Bevan, of Hilston Park, Monmouth, and granddaughters of Lord Grantley. They are twenty-two and twenty, are each writing first novels, and both love ballet*

*Racing at Windsor*

*Mr. Alan Russell and pretty Miss Grace Moore (not the film star) had announced their engagement the same day they went racing at Windsor. He is the youngest son of the late Hon. Cyril Russell, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Moore, of New York*

# In the Open Air

*Miss Barbara Ramsden-Jodrell and Lady Reynolds were at the Tarporley Hunt Show. They both live (and hunt) in Cheshire ; Barbara Ramsden-Jodrell is the second daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ramsden-Jodrell of Taxal Lodge, Whaley Bridge*

*At a Hunt Show in Cheshire*

The Collection is on! A familiar scene in the salons of Robert Piguet's Paris Establishment.

# ROBERT PIGUET COMES to TOWN

## Parisian Couturier To Open Branch House Here

Robert Piguet, the Couturier, with his dog, Radis. Radis, which is French for "radish," received his amusing name because, as his master states, "his nose bears a tender pink resemblance to that vegetable." Monsieur Piguet is opening a branch house here at 47 Grosvenor Street, on December 1st, where he will present a special Collection of "Gowns for Christmas" with "the emphasis on *youth*."

*Announcement by Robert Piguet.*

# Howard Marshall on Rugger

## Selectors' Problems

BEFORE long we shall be torn away from quiet, domestic Rugby football among the clubs, and hurled into the rout of Representative matches. Already there have been international trials in Scotland and Wales. The Varsity match is only three weeks away. The Services are putting experimental teams into the field. And I am wondering, a little unhappily, how I can reach Workington, where the first England trial takes place, and escape from it with a minimum waste of time.

THE Welsh Selectors have had the usual difficulty in collecting their players, and their trial, I fear, did not teach them a great deal. The day was wet, and the ground heavy, and no striking discoveries were made. Apparently the upshot of it was that Wilfred Wooller and Claude Davey are unquestionably the best centre three-quarters in Wales.

Cliff Jones was not playing, and that made a difference. Rumours are going round, incidentally, that a famous Welsh half-back has been offered £5000 by a Northern League club, and presumably Jones is the only man who can have attracted so large a sum of money. The proposition is a tribute to his spectacular abilities which he unquestionably merits.

I don't suppose he will accept, though if he does, who shall blame him? Five thousand pounds is a big consideration for a young man in these sternly competitive days. And how fortunate Wales are! Supposing they lost Jones, for one reason or another, W. T. H. Davies is there, waiting to step into his shoes. And Davies, make no mistake about it, is a very fine player.

WHAT would the worried English Selectors give, I wonder, if their half-back problems could be so easily settled? I saw P. Candler the other day, playing stand-off half for Middlesex against Surrey in an astonishingly rousing county match. And Candler began with all the assurance and dash of an England player. He may serve us again this year, and yet his constructive play is not entirely satisfactory. He is, I think, apt to pass too soon, and he does not straighten the attack, though I suppose, with international football in mind, we are apt to set our standards too high. We are always looking for another W. J. A. Davies, and that comes hard upon his successors.

B. C. Gadney and J. R. Auty played together recently, and that perhaps is a pointer. Gadney has not had much football since he returned from the Argentine, but I take it he is still our probable scrum-half. Auty can be brilliant in attack, though he is lightly built and rather easily shaken out of his stride.

IT seems premature to be considering the possibilities of T. A. Kemp, the Denstone boy who is playing so exceedingly well for Cambridge. I am all against rushing young players on, and yet Kemp cannot be disregarded if he maintains his form.

I take it that Laborde will soon be resting some of his players. His main problem now is to bring Cambridge to Twickenham at the peak of their form. The side is virtually settled, though I hear there are weepings and gnashings of teeth in Scotland over the fact that R. B. Bruce-Lockhart is relegated to the full-back position. Bruce-Lockhart is a potential Scotland centre, and our friends across the border are anxious that he should have as much first-class mid-field experience as possible.

*Surrey and Middlesex Captains*

*L. H. Garrett (Rosslyn Park) and K. M. Wilkins (O.M.T.s) captained respectively the Surrey and Middlesex County Championship teams which met at Teddington in one of the season's most exciting matches. Surrey won, but were beaten by Kent last Wednesday*

CAMBRIDGE have only one serious weakness, and that is in lack of speed on the wings, though here they almost make up in determination what they lack in pace. Speed, however, is an important consideration, and Oxford have it on the right wing, at least when Obolensky plays. Obolensky, by the way, has only torn a small muscle in his thigh. He will be in action again very soon.

In Obolensky's place against Richmond Cooper tried R. H. J. Percy, of Uppingham, and Percy struck me as a very likely player. He is full of resolution, and his stride is phenomenally long. It might even pay Oxford to experiment with him on the left wing when Obolensky returns.

I LIKE the look of this Oxford side, even when I have discounted my natural bias. There is a reassuring solidity about it, and Cooper regards its development with a very proper confidence. If Cambridge imagine they are going to rattle the Oxford forwards, they are sadly mistaken. This Oxford pack is uncommonly big and strong. It knows its way about. It is quite capable of giving Cambridge a dusting.

Admittedly the Oxford backs have been slow to settle down, but I wonder how much of this is due to the reluctance of established players to over-exert themselves in relatively unimportant matches? Oxford's defeat by Leicester was salutary. It stirred the University into action, and I fancy the side will give an increasingly good account of itself.

I THINK we may take it that Cooper has settled the disposition of his forces behind the scrummage. Cooke shapes well at scrum-half. He flicks the ball away without that preliminary backward swing which wastes the all-important split second. C. F. Grieve will surely remain at stand-off half, where his general football sense is invaluable.

There are those who question Grieve's abilities in orthodox attack, suggesting that he is apt to kick too much, a criticism which is not without foundation. Grieve does give confidence to his forwards, though, for his defensive covering is remarkable, and there never was a more busy little player. He is considerably faster this year than he was last, and his attacking instinct is strong enough to make him constantly dangerous.

A gad-fly player, in short, and behind him he has two fast, clever centres, M. M. Walford and E. L. Button.

A GREAT deal depends, of course, upon the use Oxford make of Obolensky, though doubtless Cooper has his strategy cut and dried. Whatever Oxford do, indeed, will have careful thought behind it, which is partly why the side gives such an impression of solidity.

When I saw them ten days ago the forwards were a little slow in the loose, and they let the Richmond pack come through them rather disconcertingly. This will probably be remedied when Cooper returns to the back row, and in the meanwhile Oxford are settling down very comfortably. They may give us another illustration of the fable of the tortoise and the hare. Cambridge went off with a bang, and must now be struggling to avoid inevitable reaction and staleness. Oxford started slowly and tentatively, but they have chosen the right time to make progress. All of which sounds, perhaps, like a biased reading of the situation, though it is as objective as I can make it. And I am at least assured of one thing—that we have in prospect the most interesting and stirring Varsity match of recent years.

*Oxford Beat Richmond, Thirteen Points to Nothing*

*Oxford's first London match in cold and wet was a battle between heavy-weight packs and the University scored a convincing victory over Richmond by two goals and a try to nothing. The picture shows the Richmond scrum-half, Bowley, making one of his solo runs with the ball, evading Freakes, the back, with Renwick (5) about to spring into his path—probably too late*

# This England . . .

*Moorland scene in Yorkshire.*

WILD are the dales and fells of these northern moors, with nought but the wheeling curlews for company in a day's march or more. Hard crusted and warm hearted are the folk of the Ridings, as different as may be in speech and temper from the men of the south, and . . . essentially English. English in their sturdy independence, in their love of things well made in the "customary" way. That good ale should be among these is natural in a hard-living people; and of ales, Worthington they qualify as "jannock."

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 64

*Illustration by Tony Weare*

*"These damn fools think I shot you"*

# Like Brothers

## By Quentin Reynolds

THEY invited me to the funeral because I had operated on Butch Colby and I had tried very hard to save his life. I had dug two bullets out of Butch's left side, but it was that third bullet which had gotten him. It had gone through the liver and the duodenum, and had then gone upwards into the stomach. Butch had lived for three hours after the operation, and his widow knew that I 'd been with him all that time, and had tried every surgical and medical trick I knew to save his life. So she invited me to the funeral and I went because I had never been to the funeral of a gangster before. I went, too, because of something else. I was puzzled about whether or not . . . but first let me tell you about that funeral.

Butch Colby had lived in a ten-room duplex apartment, which was very expensively furnished. The body lay in the large living room and it was surrounded by flowers. There was one huge wreath of white roses at the head of the coffin. Against this white background, red roses spelled out: "We 'll see them kid—Chick."

All of Butch's gang were there, and several plain-clothes men were there, too, and Butch's very pretty widow sobbed becomingly, but not hysterically, and in a room off the living-room there was a table laden with scotch, rye, salami, pastrimi, and other delicacies. Just before the men came to take away the coffin, Chick Taylor came in. Everyone sort of stepped back respectfully, as Chick walked to the coffin. His eyes were red, and he knelt down in front of the coffin and bent his head in prayer.

"Chick and Butch were great friends, I guess," I asked the man next to me, a short, husky man, with a bit chipped off his right ear.

"Friends," he snorted, "they was like brothers, only closer. They grew up in the business together, the two of them did. They was only kids when Prohibition came, and they went into the alky trade together. Then the past few years they took care of dry-cleaning joints, and things like that. Yeah, them two and Sally was always together. Sally used to go with one, then the other, and there wasn't even no jealousy between them. Then she married Butch, and it still didn't make no difference. Half the time Chick lived here with them."

Sally, of course, was the widow. She had been watching Chick kneeling there. Then she went over and knelt beside him. The undertaker came over and said gently, "Sorry, Mrs. Colby, it 's time . . ." Chick helped her to her feet. Chick looked down at Butch.

Then he pulled himself together and, like he was talking to himself, he said: "We 'll see them, kid. They won't get away with this, kid. Butch, old pal, wherever you are, don't worry. I 'll take care of Sally and I 'll take care of them rats who done this."

Then Sally sobbed convulsively, and Chick put an arm around her. She clutched his arm tightly as the men closed the coffin and put it on their shoulders. They went out with the body, and the undertaker said: "Your car is ready, Mrs. Colby."

Chick took her arm, and said to the undertaker: "Mrs. Colby and I will go in the first car alone. Come on, Sally."

They started out the door, and I heard Chick say: "Put that veil down over your face, honey. There 'll be photographers outside."

After a while, the undertaker came to me and said: "Dr. Beil, will you go in the car with Mr. Locetilli and Mr. Corelli and Mr. Mulligan?" I got into the car with them, and we started toward the cemetery. There were, maybe, six thousand people outside the house, and there were photographers and news-reel men were standing on top of a truck, taking pictures. It was the biggest funeral I had ever seen. Locetilli, Corelli and Mulligan were in the car with me, and it developed that they were members of Butch's organisation. While they talked sadly about Butch, I kept thinking of the night they brought Butch into the hospital.

"Chick 'll run things okay, though." I heard Corelli say. "Grand guy, Chick."

"Yeah, a grand guy, a right guy," Mulligan said.

"I guess maybe Chick 'll marry Sally now," Corelli said thoughtfully.

"I guess maybe," Mulligan said. "Butch would have liked that. Them three were always such great pals."

It was a cold night—the night they brought Butch into the hospital. I took one look at Butch and hollered for the operating crew. I knew he was in a bad way. Butch Colby was about thirty-four, I guess, and curly-haired and good-looking—even lying there, his breath coming in gasps, he was good-looking. There were two little holes in his left side and one bigger one.

There were two detectives with him when the ambulance brought him in.

"Give him a shot of something, Doc, so he can talk for a few minutes," one of them said.

"I got to get him on that table quick," I protested.

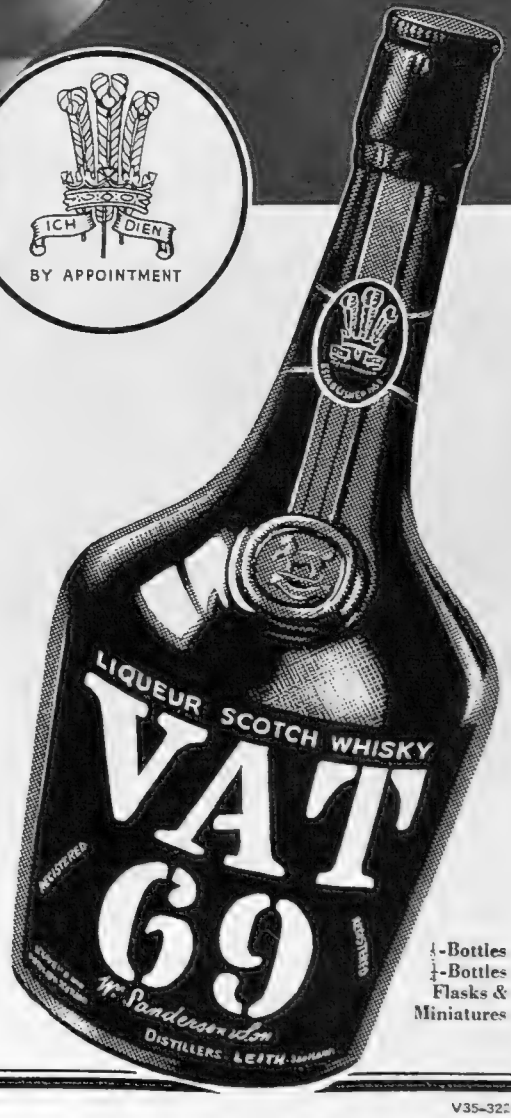
(*Concluded on page* viii)

# Your call...

# VAT 69 that's fine!

Bridge players might argue as to the opening call on the hand illustrated, but when it comes to whisky there is no hesitation in calling Vat 69—

ICH DIEN
BY APPOINTMENT

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# The "Bystander" Bookshelf

## "A. J. B.": Volume Two: By Alan Thomas

THE second and concluding volume of Mrs. Dugdale's life of *Arthur James Balfour* (Hutchinson; 18*s.*) takes up the story after his electoral defeat in January 1906. The main events of his public career in those pre-War years were the rehabilitation of the Unionist Party and the constitutional crisis which culminated in his resignation from the leadership of the Opposition in November 1911. But as Balfour himself remarked years later: "It seems to me that nothing ever really happened before 1914." It is a remark which is not without significance in any estimate of his political stature. For the war and its aftermath certainly brought the history of his public service to its zenith. How future historians will assess that service no man can tell. But, to hazard a guess, the three achievements by which he will be best remembered are, first, the support he gave to the infant League of Nations; second, his work for the Zionist cause, and third, the contribution he made to the establishment of imperial unity—his "crowning achievement," as Lord Esher called it—at the Imperial Conference in 1926.

On the personal side of his life Mrs. Dugdale surely tells us all there is to know of this unknowable man whom "no misfortune, no bereavement could have broken, for he was a solitary at heart." She has given us a living portrait of one who died full of honour and years and who to his dying day "utterly rejected the idea of death as an end of personality or of service."

MISS VERA BRITTAIN'S new book, *Honourable Estate* (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a sociological novel, purporting, in her own words, "to show how the women's revolution—one of the greatest in all history—united with the struggle for other democratic ideals and the cataclysm of the War to alter the private destinies of individuals." The story which is told against a background of historic events stretching from 1894 to 1930 is one of struggle and achievement—the struggle, in the early part of the book, of a wife whose interests lie all in politics and books and plays and not at all in domesticity or motherhood: a struggle which ends in humiliation and tragedy; and in the later part of the book, the struggle, as one of the characters puts it, "to get people to accept a new economic system as a basis of peace and to make them acknowledge peace as the essential factor in a new economic system." This struggle, which is still proceeding, is crowned so far as the characters in this book are concerned with a measure of fulfilment. In the words of Mrs. Alleyndene, a typical pre-War mother, whose daughter Ruth did so many things that no one ever thought of doing when *she* was a girl: "To think Witnall's got a woman and a Socialist for its Member—and that of all people it should be Ruth!"

Not the least interesting character amid so much feminine struggle and achievement is Gertrude Ellison Campbell, "the Grand Old Maid of English drama," who though herself a fervent anti-feminist yet represented in her own person that position of honour and accomplishment for the right to which the feminists had fought.

Miss Brittain makes no apology—nor need she—for dealing in a novel with social theories and political beliefs. On the other hand, it would be wrong to suggest that this is everybody's book. The theme is a noble one, and it will appeal to all progressively-minded people. But so far as human interest goes—I use the term in its usual, rather restricted sense—there are sections of this book which will hold greater attraction for the student of movements than for the ordinary novel reader. But in the sections devoted to the War there are passages which from a human point of view could hardly be bettered. The story of Ruth's pilgrimage to her dead lover's grave in the Argonne Forest is one of the most moving I have ever read.

MR. WILLIAM GERHARDI'S *Of Mortal Love* (Arthur Barker; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is an odd combination of naïveté and knowingness. He set out, according to his publishers, to write a simple love story. What he has done is to create a set of highly sophisticated characters and to write about them with a simplicity of style reminiscent of the Russian novel. The result is an impression of wilful affectation. Dinah, the principal character, is a nymphomaniac who leaves her husband for Walter, a second-rate composer, who in turn is dropped for a gentleman named Beano. And Eric, heir to a dukedom, is another "also-ran" in the Dinah stakes. Dinah is beautiful, indulges in baby talk and frequently asserts that she is not meant to live alone; by which she means sleep alone. She yearns to be a socialite and there is much about Mayfair hotels and night clubs. She is an odious young woman. The book only approaches reality when Dinah dies (sighing for the right shade of face powder) of diphtheria.

LENA ASHWELL—what memories the name recalls!—has just published her autobiography. She calls it *Myself a Player* (Michael Joseph; 15*s.*). For the war generation her name will be for ever associated with the war concerts at the front and the famous Lena Ashwell Players. In her book she speaks frequently of failure. "I did not succeed in anything I planned to do." But in the words of the letter which "The Boys of 15 Divisions of the 3rd Army" addressed to her and which few will be able to read with undimmed eyes, "We are aware that not only this concert party but many others have come, under your auspices, to hearten and brighten the lot of his Majesty's troops. You have been, and are, the Fairy godmother of us all . . ." This is a tribute which alone for many of us would outweigh the sense of failure. It is not, however, in the glittering prizes of this world, but in meditation and in the search for that light that "lighteth every man" that this courageous woman has sought and found her consolation.

"AMONG THE COVENT GARDEN STARS," by Miss Josephine O'Donnell (Stanley Paul; 18*s.*), is a book of amusing chit-chat on life at the famous Opera House. Miss O'Donnell has been secretary to the managing directors of Covent Garden since 1925 and is consequently well placed for seeing stars. Her book abounds in anecdotes; for as Sir Thomas Beecham suggests in his Foreword, there is no place like a great theatre for provoking the most unexpected and humorous situations.

*First Meet of the Season — Brazil*

*This cartoon by Tony Wysard is one of nearly a hundred spirited personal and scenic caricatures which make up his first show; it opens to-morrow at Walker's Galleries. The hunt in question is the Brazilian "Cacadores;" the quarry is not "Charles James," but the black puma, inveterate poacher of cattle and poultry, and maybe the wild pig and the ant-eater. The hunt-servant with the umbrella carries anti-snake-bite toxins, as rattlesnakes abound; they accounted for the few couple of foxhounds that an Englishman once imported, and whose influence can be seen in the present pack. Note the distinctive uniform of Master and first whipper-in (no hunt-buttons)*

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G.S.G.

Women's Golf

# Wentworth and Woodcote

By Eleanor E. Helme

*"Golf Illustrated" Cup Winner*

*Mrs. Heppel (Molly Griffiths that was), of Addington, won the "Golf Illustrated" ladies' cup at Woodcote Park, Coulsdon, with scores of 75+78=153. With her is Miss Joy Winn (left), who returned an aggregate of 160*

*Mrs. Graham and Miss Pockett*

*Miss Graham and Miss B. Pockett, waiting at the first tee at the Woodcote Park course, Coulsdon, were dressed to meet the wintry weather which Miss Pockett's oriental headgear denied*

*Mrs. M. Walker and Miss P. Wade*

*Were both well up on the score-list, Mrs. Walker (West Essex) with 81+82=163, and Phyllis Wade (Ferndown) with 76+81=157, third best score*

Dear Bystander,

Wentworth is very much in the picture at this time of year, and a very beautiful picture it is. Even the Oxford team, who were presumably pretty well occupied trying to give a third to Miss Fishwick's, remarked on the beauty of the day and the autumn tints, when they met there in a twelve-a-side match. But as the hours went by the weather grew less attractive, and the prospect altogether less pleasing, for it was obvious that those six strokes were just too many. Still, the University kept smiling, and it was altogether a very successful day. If only Miss Fishwick's side could deal even more harshly with Cambridge's team next Sunday at Ashridge, Oxford would naturally gloat, and try to deduce all sorts of encouraging things therefrom.

Personally I do not pretend to be an authority on undergraduate form, but it struck me that those of them that I watched at Wentworth were playing much more mature golf than such a side used to produce: that the great length of them was much more balanced with a good short game, and that there was a good deal more knowledge and less exuberance. As for their opponents, Miss Enid Wilson holed some grand putts and played with her head all the way to beat Mitchell-Innes, and though Miss Diana Fishwick only halved with Ramsden hers was probably as stout a performance as anybody's, seeing that he was round in 71. As an offset to that, Percy took Miss Dorrit Wilkins to the last green, and she was round in 73. Percy is one of the sons of One Putt Percy: he was heard solemnly to assert that he, like her, could hole any number of them if they were not more than a foot, and the weight of evidence would appear to uphold the claim.

A cheery day, very.

It was as well that everybody, at least twelve bodies, should have had something to put them in good heart, for when the next day dawned, the deluge was something so cruel that otherwise they might all have stayed at home instead of proceeding by various routes to Woodcote Park, Coulsdon. Some went viâ the other Woodcote Park; some broadside on into a ford (the watery kind), but all in due course arrived and struck off for the *Golf Illustrated* Cup, and what is more, completed the thirty-six holes medal by which it is decided.

The weather was really rather cruel on a club which had obviously taken special trouble to have the course in the perfection of order, and not merely to have, but to keep it. At half-time not a green but was brushed, not a bunker but was raked, so that in spite of the trampling over rain-soaked greens, conditions were no harder in the afternoon than the morning. Indeed, they were better, for the rain held off, and the wind was no stronger; and though the best score of the day was done in the morning, that was perhaps explained by the unusual event which occurred therein of a holed iron shot, for a 2 at the sixth.

That little bit of luck brought in Mrs. Hugh Heppel at the head of the list up to lunch-time, one stroke ahead of Miss Phyllis Wade, two of Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Garnham, three of Miss Gourlay and four of Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Joy Winn. Mrs. Heppel's golf has come back almost to the best form of her Molly Griffiths' days since her husband was appointed secretary to Addington, and it was a delight to see the way she was punching the ball up to the green and into the hole. Her 75 was a record for the course, equalling L.G.U. par moreover, so the weather was not really as disastrous as it appeared, and what was more, Mrs. Heppel pretty well kept up the pace after lunch, for she took the first seventeen in 71. Then came a muddley hole, and a 7, so that there was considerable chance she would be caught by Miss Enid Wilson, who needed to finish with three 4's for a win. However, the figures would not come her way—it was certainly getting pretty dark by then—and she could not do better than 76, and so filled second place, with Miss Wade and Miss Cradock-Hartopp equal third, two strokes behind.

It was Miss Hartopp who had the handicap prize over thirty-six holes, Mrs. Harold Gilligan taking the eighteen-hole handicap at 76 net after a tie with Mrs. Grant-White.

The day seemed to prove that rain really is not the destructive element some golfers would make out, nor even absence of rain. It was a thoroughly cheerful meeting, once players had taken the plunge, with scoring that would have done credit to a perfect day.

Over the tea-cups it was inevitable that the subject of pars and their standardisation should come up. What folk said on that subject is too lengthy to go into now. It is good to know that the L.G.U. have no hidebound policy about it, but are even now considering a fresh scheme. What will be the upshot remains to be seen.

Animals are always sure of a sympathetic hearing from the golfers—except those poor unfortunate dogs that misguided owners bring to watch big events! Roehampton the other day, for instance, held a meeting in aid of the Animal Rescue League at Islington, managed by the R.S.P.C.A. and raised over £15. It was a mixed affair, and a man, Captain Lewis Barclay, carried off the scratch prize with 78, Mrs. E. H. Smythe was the chief woman winner with 68 net, though Mrs. Lionel Clemens was hard on her heels, winning at 69 net after a tie with Miss Haynes Hutchinson. And now this week (16th and 17th) Miss Molly Gourlay and plenty of other famous golfers are selling at the Christmas Fair of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals at the Mayfair Hotel. I advise a visit, if you like useful Christmas ideas and love animals.

Yours ever,
Eleanor E. Helme.

# Fashion as it flies . . .

*by Elizabeth*

Mr. G. D. Greenland, the well-known ski-ing expert, is once more in charge of the Winter Sports section at Harrods, Knightsbridge. He will remain throughout the season to give advice regarding what to wear, where to go, and how to ski. The latter is demonstrated by a series of interesting films which are being shown daily at 3.30 p.m. With regard to kit, a practical outfit from these salons is pictured on the right. Dark trousers in proofed gabardine or serge, are worn with a white or vivid coloured wind-jacket in "Grenfell" cloth, which is snow and wind proof. It is double-breasted with elastic at the sides to ensure a close-fitting waistline, and a breast pocket with sliding fastener. Cap, scarf and mits vary according to the individual. A peaked cap or eye-shade, however, is advisable on a brilliant day when the snow is dazzling

# What To Wear For Winter Sports

The best winter-sports season for many years past is prophesied, and people will soon be flocking abroad, prepared to enjoy every minute of a carefree existence. Clothes are all important, and the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, have opened a special Snow Sports department, where Mr. W. R. Bracken, three times British ski-running champion, will be in daily attendance to give expert advice. For skating, he recommends a dark-coloured gored skirt like the one pictured above, in proofed basket weave cloth, accompanied by a close-fitting ribbed wool sweater in a contrasting colour. The latter costs 18s. 9d., and would look charming in scarlet. A beret or knitted cap with coloured gauntlet-gloves completes the scheme. Ski-ing accessories are pictured on the right, including "Plus Fours" in proofed serge. The cable stitch sweater in thick wool is exceptionally warm, and only costs 15s., while the hand-knitted gloves are 6s. 9d.

# THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

discovered by peta; pictured by pam

*Accessories for winter sports are an important item, and Selfridge's, Oxford Street, are showing delightful wool scarves printed with ski sticks for 7s. 6d.; also fleece-lined chrome mits with knitted cuffs, and gay woolly socks with red, white and blue tops. These are worn inside ski-boots and cost 5s. 6d.*

*For the woman who likes to look different, is the wind-jacket above from Lillywhite's, Piccadilly Circus. It is made of white proofed poplin with navy blue buttons and side lacings. The hood is also navy and may be worn up or down. It protects the throat and forms an excellent substitute for a cap*

*A lunch bag is essential for experienced ski-ers who go long expeditions. This one in black "paramatta," is attached to a narrow waist-belt, and is worn across the back. It is piped with white, has a sliding fastener, and may be seen at Selfridge's*

*The question of headgear depends entirely on the individual. Some wear glasses and no hat, others prefer a knitted bandeau. There are many, however, who agree that a peaked cap is both comfortable and warm. The one sketched comes from Lillywhite's, and is made of proofed wool with ear flaps which tie under the chin*

*There is a delightful individuality about the accessories from the Austrian Shop, 11, Clifford Street. Imported from the Tyrol, they are, many of them, hand-made, like the knitted wool cardigan above. This is embroidered in bright-coloured wools, and could be worn for skating with the cap and scarf, striped in red, white and grey*

# Getting Married:

## The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

### *Anne Loyd*

*Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Loyd, of Lockinge House, Wantage; she is engaged to James Henry Lane Fox, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lane Fox, of Walton House, Boston Spa, Yorkshire*

Pearl Freeman

### *Lydia Huth*

*Is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Huth, of Wans Dyke End, Ham, Marlborough, and is engaged to Peter Flower, Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Flower, of 47, South Street, W.1*

Kay Vaughan

### *Mary Gordon*

*Mary Pilar Elizabeth Gordon, younger daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Alister Gordon and Mrs. Gordon, of 11, Culford Mansions, S.W.3, is engaged to Archibald J. G. Hope, of Luffness, son of the late Lt.-Col. G. E. Hope and the late Mrs. Clarke*

Pearl Freeman

### *Joyce Jackson*

*Is the only daughter of Captain Jackson, of Overton, Shropshire, and Mrs. Jackson, of Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5, and is engaged to Phillip Annesly Vachell, younger son of the late Theodore Vachell and Mrs. Vachell, of Holmwood, Surrey*

Bassano

### *Mary Jones*

*Is the eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel W. T.C. Jones and Mrs. Jones, of 74a, Philbeach Gardens, S.W.5; she is engaged to John Corbin Fitzgerald, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Fitzgerald, of Jersey*

Lenare

### *Eileen Margaret Lewin*

*Has announced her engagement to Major Cecil Bednall, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bednall, of Basford, Staffordshire; she is the daughter of the late Capt. Charles Lewin and Mrs. Lewin, of the Old Manor, Warnham, Sussex*

Catherine Bell

### *Rosamund Helen Ropes*

*Is the youngest daughter of the late Arthur Reed Ropes and Mrs. Ropes, of 68, Church Street, W.8; she is engaged to Robin Salusbury-Trelawny, only son of Sir John Salusbury-Trelawny, of La Louveterie, Puyvert, France*

Pearl Freeman

### *Rachel Law*

*Is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Horace Law, of 46, Merrion Square, Dublin, and San Elino, Co. Dublin, and is engaged to Richard Henry Smith, second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Smith, of Conybear, North Devon*

Catherine Bell

### *Avis Parsons*

*Is the youngest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Clement George Parsons and Mrs. Parsons, of the Old House, Wonersh, Surrey, and is engaged to Capt. F. H. R. French, elder son of the late Major French and Mrs. French, of The Limes, Great Ashfield, Bury St. Edmunds*

Lenare

### *Noreen McCready*

*Is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. T. R. McCready, of Yealmpton, Devon, and is engaged to Instructor Lieut.-Commander David Rice Hughes, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Hughes, of Brynderi, Llanelly*

Catherine Bell

### *Elizabeth Graves*

*Is the only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Philip Graves, of 5, Hereford Square, S.W.7; she is engaged to Richard Chilver, younger son of the late Arthur Chilver and Mrs. Chilver, of 28, Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park*

Catherine Bell

### *Viola Mary Molteno*

*Is engaged to Peter Hugh Macmillan, R.A., only surviving son of the Bishop of Guildford and Mrs. Macmillan, of Bishop's House, Farnham Castle; she is the only daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. V. B. Molteno, of Goldhill, Farnham*

## *de Freundstein — Esmond*

*Baron Geffroy de Waldner de Freundstein married Lulu Esmond, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Esmond, of Paris and North Berwick, at the Protestant Church of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris. The bride is well known as an international golfer*

## *Hood — Haward*

*Peter Hood, only son of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. N. A. and Mrs. Hood, of 2, Cambridge Place, Falmouth, married Toot Haward at St. Clement Dane's. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tristram Haward, of Grove House, West Derby, Liverpool*

### *A CORRECTION*

*Under the photograph of the wedding of M. Georges Guimbeau and Miss Diana North in our issue of November 4th, the caption should have read ". . . Diana Isobel North, youngest daughter of the late Sir Harry North and Lady North, of 10, Trevor Street, S.W."*

## *Kempthorne — Lamplough*

*Surgeon-Lieut. Humphrey Kempthorne, R.N., son of the late Henry Ernest Kempthorne and Mrs. Kempthorne, of Oakdale, Weybridge, and Susan Eastlake Lamplough, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wharram Lamplough, of Bredon, Alverstoke, Hants., were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street*

## *Paterson — Gilson*

*Reginald Danderson Paterson, of 108, Ebury Street, S.W., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Paterson, and Joyce Gilson, only daughter of the late Major Gerald Gilson and Mrs. Gilson, of 51, Sydney Street, Chelsea, were married at Chelsea Old Church*

## *Jackson — Pownall*

*Henry Hughes Jackson married Marjorie Pownall at the Church of St. James, Garlickhythe; she is the daughter of Sir Assheton Pownall, M.P. for Lewisham East, and Lady Pownall, of 6, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. Wine porters made the guard of honour*

## *Akroyd-Hunt — Gannon*

*Captain J. Akroyd-Hunt, R.A., son of the late J. Akroyd-Hunt and Mrs. Akroyd-Hunt, of Hove, and Brenda Gannon, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel J. R. C. and Mrs. Gannon, of Hurlingham Field Cottage, S.W., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton*

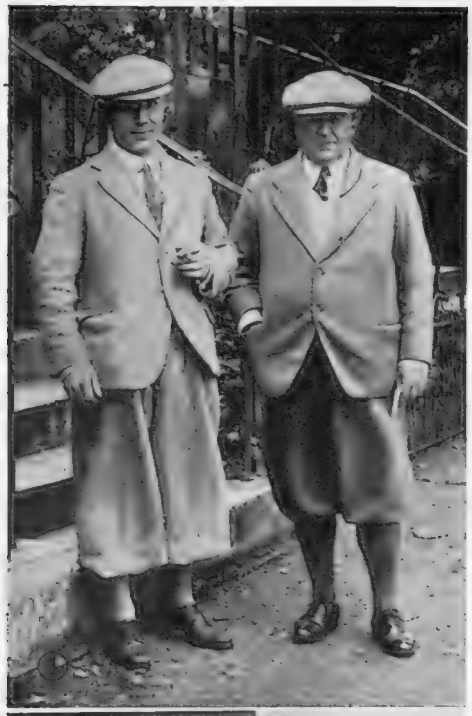
## *Stevens — Edwards*

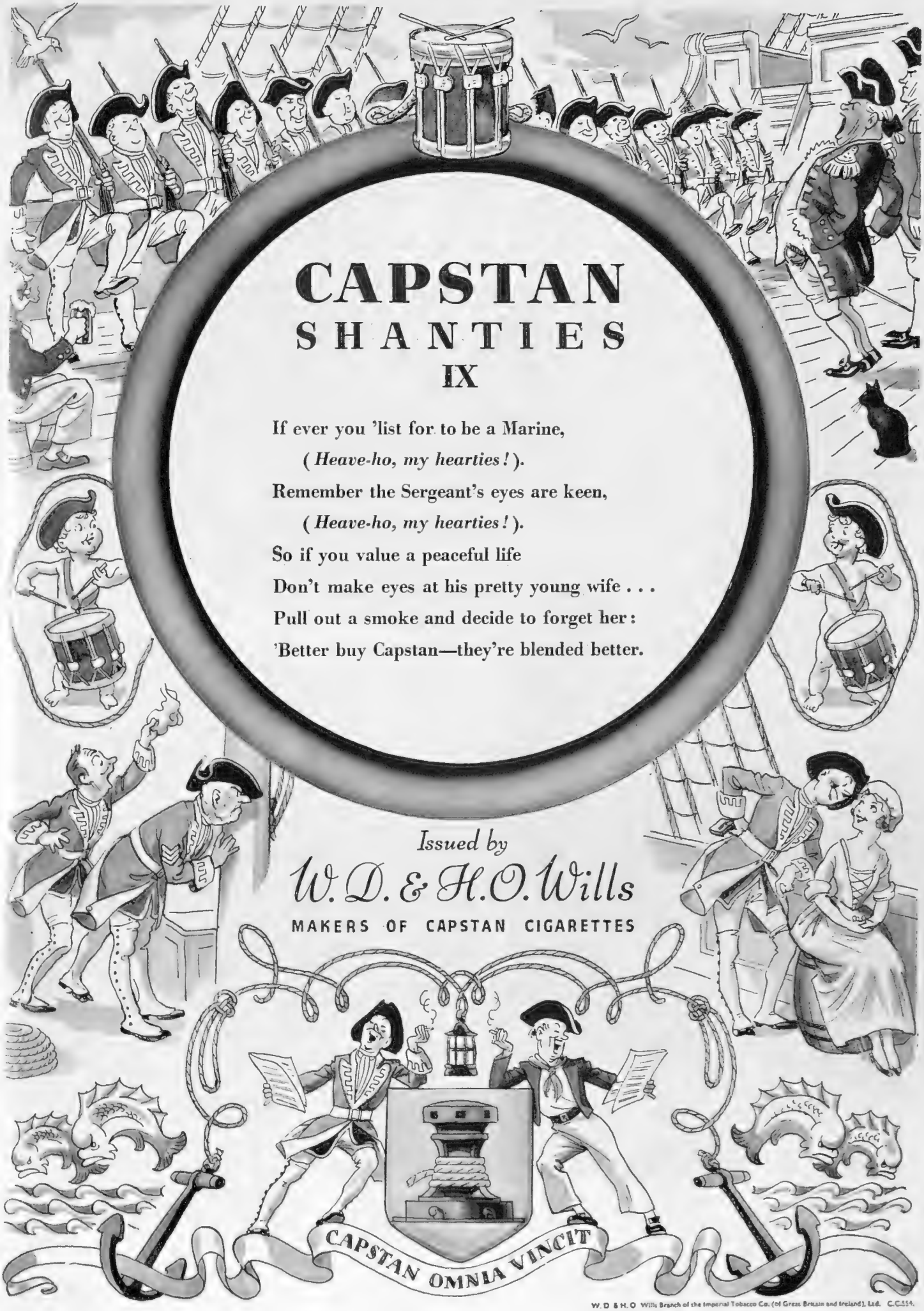
*At the Chapel of the Royal Merchant Navy School at Wokingham, Charles Stevens, eldest son of the late Dr. and Mrs. P. R. Stevens, of Braintree, Essex, married Ellen Grace Edwards, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. H. W. Edwards, of Governor's House, Bear Wood, Wokingham*

# Golf Clubs at Home: Portsmouth

The Portsmouth Golf Club is new and up to date; it was founded ten years ago. The club-house is particularly fine and luxurious, having been the residence of the Duke of Edinburgh when he was Commander-in-Chief of Portsmouth. It was built in the early 'eighties

*(1) E. C. Curtis (captain) and Captain A. L. Ashby, R.N. (hon. secretary). (2) Lieut.-Col. O'Rouke, R. V. Stokes (vice-captain) and C. R. Stacey (committee). (3) J. R. Brooks (committee member) and A. G. Hiscock. (4) W. Holland (committee member) and Captain D. O. B. Forsyth, R.N. (5) Lieut.-Comdr. F. J. Magee, R.N., and F. Asker (committee member). (6) A. V. Forrester and G. H. James. (7) C. J. Spraggs and T. Eastman. (8) H. Newton and P. Allsebrook. (9) J. Ould and J. Stait (professional)*



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# J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

## Must the Newquay Golf Club Go?

All those—and there must be many—who have enjoyed playing on the course of the Newquay Golf Club will hear with very great regret that there is a distinct possibility of this club going out of existence. On November 4th this year an extraordinary general meeting of the members was held in the club-house, at which a large attendance passed unanimously the following resolutions: (1) That the Council's offer of a "lease of the golf links for a term of three years at a rental of £400, the lease to contain a covenant that golf shall not be played on Sundays and reserving the existing footpaths" be not entertained. (2) That all offers made by the Committee be withdrawn, with the exception of the offer already made to the Council to take a seven days' tenancy at a rental of £600 and only two footpaths (cemetery to Pentire and the cliff edge) be recognised. This is how the matter stands as I write.

The present captain of the club has pointed out to the Council that the Newquay Golf Club is not a profit-making concern. Very few golf clubs are profit-making concerns, and the majority of them spend any small profit they may make in improving their courses and club premises.

The chief points in the new proposed lease to which the club objects are the prohibition of play on Sundays and the establishment of footpaths across the lines of play. It seems reasonable to suppose that if Sunday play is stopped the Newquay Golf Club will find great difficulty in paying its way.

There is no question that not only in the British Isles but also all over the continent of Europe, more golf is played on Sunday than any other day. On Saturdays golfers watch or play cricket or football or go racing, etc., but on Sundays in Great Britain these other sports seldom take place and consequently a large portion of the population spends this day either on a golf course or at a golf club.

In Scotland there has always been a strong objection to Sunday play by a certain section of the public, but these objections are gradually disappearing. I visited a municipal course in Scotland about two years ago, and when Sunday play was discussed I was informed that it was out of the question; yet this course to-day is open on Sundays because the town found that the club was doing badly, due, in the opinion of many, to the fact that Sunday play was prohibited. In Scotland, when those opposed to Sunday play ungraciously withdraw their objections, they generally stipulate that Sunday play will only be permitted provided that caddies are not employed, but it is nearly always found a year or two later that the objection to employing caddies has also been withdrawn.

It has been made clear to the Newquay Council at a meeting with the club that the club is not a profit-making concern; that it is strongly in favour of a seven-days' lease; that the paths across lines of play would seriously obstruct play at the time of year when usually most green fees are collected; that the club could not accept either a six- or a seven-day lease with this condition, though it would make no objection to a reasonable use of the course by the ratepayers out of season; and that a new category of playing membership for ratepayers only at £2 per annum had been offered in addition to the seventy artisan players. In the proposed lease the condition which was most unacceptable of all has been reinstated, the seven-days' lease refused, and the estimate of the value of a six-day lease considerably increased. It was also made clear that the club could not consider this lease, and that unless the Council reconsiders its decision the club will probably come to an end in March next.

There is, of course, no reason why the Council should not attempt to run golf at Newquay itself and to turn the course into a municipal course, but if it decides to do so it will surely find itself, as regards golf, in a worse position than it is at present. It will lose the £600 rent and also the rates paid by the golf club, and the prohibition of Sunday play and the obstruction to play caused by the footpaths are certain to reduce the number of players to a very considerable extent.

The town would also suffer not only because the number of players would be reduced but also because the golfers who are attracted by a private club are usually in a better position to spend money freely than those who play on public courses. It is nearly essential at the present time for a holiday resort to possess a reasonably good golf course. If you take away from any place the golf course or even make the amenities for playing the game less pleasant, you will, as sure as fate, drive away many visitors.

The Newquay Golf Club is an old club; the Cornish Amateur Championship was played on its course in 1900 and has been played on it seven times since. The membership is approximately 400. I am sure all golfers would be extremely sorry to see the end of such an old club; so let us hope that the Council, the golf club, the ratepayers, the hotel-keepers and the tradesmen whose interests as regards golf are, if not identical, at least very similar, will somehow find a satisfactory solution.

*Royal Mid-Surrey Beat the Society, 10 Matches to 6, at the Old Deer Park*

*L. B. Sanderson and Sir H. D. Gillies, of the Oxford and Cambridge G. S., beat S. H. Haslewood and J. H. Taylor, jr. (Royal Mid-Surrey) by 5 and 4 in their Saturday morning match. Sanderson was the "Bystander" £500 Trophy winner in 1933*

*E. M. Wellings, D. A. Drayson, E. G. Langford, and C. F. Woodbridge met on Saturday morning, Woodbridge and Drayson (Royal Mid-Surrey) beating the Society pair by 5 and 3. It was Saturday afternoon that gave the club its lead, when all four pairs beat their respective opponents*

OVERHEARD AT THE GOLF CLUB:

*"I always feel a bit uneasy here. We seem to be the only people with a foreign car."*

**buy a car made in the UNITED KINGDOM**

# Big Plans for Empire Air Lines

By Charles Ward

*Miss Amy Johnson and Mr. Alan Henderson were flash-lit at the Great Fosters firework-party — the airwoman's arm still in a sling from her recent turnover*

### *The Imperial View*

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS' report of progress, and the company's plans for the future, make fascinating reading. Over 27,000 miles of airways in regular operation, and plans for spanning the Atlantic well in hand. The airport in Bermuda has been built, and landing rights at New York are expected shortly. There are four methods of crossing the ocean under review of which three are to be tested very soon. Two of the big flying-boats are being prepared for direct crossings between Ireland and Newfoundland, or the Azores and Bermuda, while the Mayo Composite, in which a flying-boat carries a seaplane aloft on its back for launching at 5000 feet, is nearly ready for trials. The third line of development is that of re-fuelling in the air; experiments being carried out by Sir Alan Cobham at Ford in Sussex with the idea of utilising this experience for high-speed mail carriers or even for the flying-boats. The fourth method, to which reference was not made directly in the report, is that of a crossing by landplane unaided by re-fuelling or an artificial launching platform. The importance of saving weight was well illustrated by the Chairman's remark that every pound avoirdupois added to the payload earned £12 per annum. Other points of interest were the cost of the new fleet now under construction—two million sterling; the bouquets handed to Handley Page and Shorts for those units of the fleet being displaced that had stood the strain so marvellously during the past five years; also the formation of a new company in Malaya in association with Alfred Holt, the shipping people.

### *Foreign Aircraft for British Route*

BRITISH AIRWAYS, the merger based mainly on the old Hillman organisation, which operates from Gatwick, is to negotiate with Lockheeds of America for the supply of liners for the Scandinavian service. In the past it has been a condition of a Government subsidy that only British equipment should be used but the company finds itself in the position of having to guarantee a time schedule without fast enough aircraft to maintain it. There are literally no home products to be bought for the job, though this is due partly to the delay in placing orders. When the subsidy agreement was signed, there was nothing to meet the specification, but there was no Comet when the MacRobertson Race was mooted yet de Havillands designed it in an overall time of nine months and won the race. The Lockheed Electra is a fine machine, but one can't help feeling that something could have been turned out here to do the job just as well. Apparently the Monospar "Croydon" was considered but this spent a long time in the nursery stage and the prototype had no luck with Lord Sempill on the flight to Australia. There have been previous attempts to introduce American high-speed liners to British routes, notably the scheme of Morris Jackaman to operate the "Douglas" to Paris, but this was before he took an interest in Gatwick and Gravesend as airports. Anthony Fokker bought the "Douglas" licence for Europe and has built a certain

(Concluded on page vi)

*she used a* HALF WAY *dentifrice*

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# TWO MG LITRE

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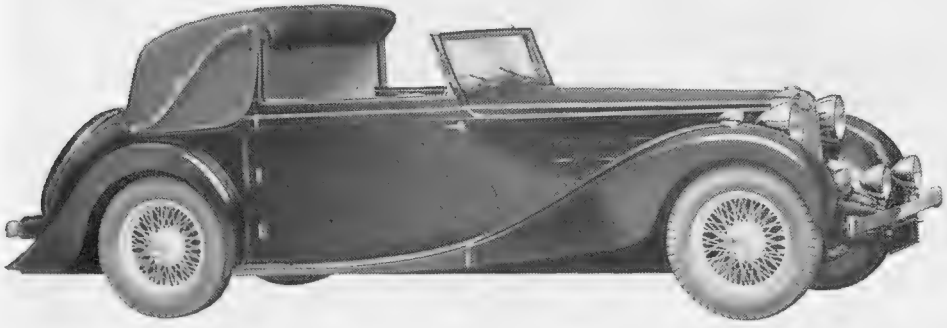
A BARONET WRITES . . . *I am still a little astonished at finding myself the owner of a Two-Litre. When first my son proposed it, I strongly vetoed the idea, deeming the car too fast and 'tricky' for a man of my years. I misjudged it. Actually I handle the Two-Litre with far more confidence than I would a more sluggish type. The car has a certain demureness which attracts me. I don't doubt that it could be driven at twice the pace. Yet I find myself putting up surprisingly high averages . . .*



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P7A

## Big Plans for Empire Air Lines

(*Continued from page iv*)

number for Continental lines. His arrangement with Airspeed of Portsmouth has not so far been very profitable to either company, though the Fokker licence is no doubt a potential asset which may one day earn money.

### *Events Aeronautical*

THE Aero Show in Paris is the principal event of the month for those who can justify the trip. From the 13th to the 29th, everyone in the trade in Europe will be seen around the stands and at the various unofficial rendezvous throughout the city. Imperial Airways and Air France report record bookings from those taking the busman's holiday, but what a break to take it in Paris now that the franc is low again. On November 20th the South Coast Flying Club holds its dinner and dance at the Grand Hotel, Brighton. Similar parties are those of the Eastbourne Club on the same night, which seems a pity, the Lancashire Club at Buxton on the 27th, the College of Aeronautical Engineering at Grosvenor House on December 1st, this being one of the best of the winter events, and the R.A.F. Flying Club also at Grosvenor House, on December 3rd. This Club is the link between the Service and the civilians and operates from Hatfield.

*British Airways has ordered several of the Lockheed "Electra" type from America. Our picture shows one embarking passengers at Warsaw, the operating company being LOT, which is the Polish national air transport concern*

### *Notes from the Trade*

PERSPEX is a transparent resin that is displacing glass for certain purposes in aircraft. We published recently a photograph of some Boulton Paul "Overstrands" in formation, showing the mechanical gun-turrets which can be operated at high speed and without effort on the part of the gunner. In the Service, these turrets are known as glass-houses, but in actual fact the material is Perspex, shaped and marketed by Triplex. It is light, is not affected by temperature, altitude or water and can be machined accurately to any shape. The Rotary Elevated Airport has been with us again—in model form it was exhibited among recent inventions. The project is ingenious, and most likely quite practical from an engineering point of view; also its cost, at a million and a half, is not excessive. Unfortunately there are no aircraft except perhaps the Autogiro, which could make use of such a structure in the centre of London to-day, bearing in mind that landing speeds must be low and take-off with climb very rapid. Also there is the risk of collision in the murky atmosphere over central London with unfortunate results for the people underneath.

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## Like Brothers

(*Continued from page 302*)

"Doc, this is Butch Colby. He 's been shot, and we got to grab the guy who done it. We think we got him, but we want Butch to identify him. Give him a shot."

I gave him a shot of adrenaline first, and then some morphine.

"Who shot you, Butch?" the detective asked.

"So help me, I don't know," Butch said thickly.

"You was sitting in a taxicab with Chick Taylor when you was shot—right?"

"Yeah," Butch said, "the cab stopped and someone leaned in and let me have it."

"Nuts, Butch," the detective said. "You was sitting on the right. Chick was sitting besides you to your left. You was shot in the left side. No one but Chick could of shot you. Chick done it, didn't he, Butch?"

Butch tried to laugh, but it was a weak attempt. "Copper," he gasped, "you 're crazy. Chick is my best friend. He 'd go to hell for me. It was just like I told you. They probably got Chick too."

"No, we got Chick," the detective said. Then he got up and came back in a minute with Chick Taylor. Chick was small and dark, where Butch was big and fair. Chick's eyes were full of concern, as he looked at Butch lying there.

"These damn fools think I shot you, pally," he cried.

"They 're crazy, Chick. You 're my pal, and everyone knows that. Come here and take my hand, Chick, I feel like I 'm going." I took a look at his white face and gave him another shot of adrenaline. Chick held his hand and then sobbed unashamed.

"You 'll pull through, kid," he said. "You got to, for Sally's sake. Pull through for her, kid. You can't leave her alone."

"I can trust you to take care of her, Chick." Then Butch passed out.

"The rat wouldn't talk," the detective snorted in disgust. "All right, Chick, beat it."

"I 'd like to stick around, so I can be with him when he comes to," Chick said. "Can't you understand, officer. Butch and me was like brothers. We grew up together."

"I got to get this man upstairs in a hurry," I said. "He 's got a one-in-a-hundred chance."

I had him on the table for two hours. It was that third bullet that worried me. I couldn't find it, and he was so weak that I couldn't cut into him too deep.

So I thought I 'd let him try to get some of his strength back if possible before going after that bullet, though I knew that Butch didn't have much of a chance. I stayed with him, and as he began to come out of the ether he got mumbling.

I was thinking of this as we rode to the cemetery. I was thinking of it as they lowered the body into the grave. It was all very touching and most touching of all was pretty Sally Colby, her black dress accentuating the cameo whiteness of her face, sobbing quietly on Chick's shoulder. His arm was around her, and I could hear him murmur soothing words.

Then it was over, and he led her to the car. As they passed me, I heard him say: "Stop crying, honey. I 'll take care of you from now on. And I 'll get the guys that got Butch."

Then I thought of Butch lying there, as he came out of the ether, crying deliriously, "Chick, Chick, you lousy double-crossing rat . . . Take that gun away, Chick. . . . Chick, don't shoot . . . don't shoot me again. . . . For God's sake, don't shoot again. . . ."

THE END

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# The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 18 — November 24

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

## THEATRES

### Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively jest at expense of impecunious family, headed by Mary Clare: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ALL-IN MARRIAGE.—Americo-Canadian comedy with Cora Goffin, Harcourt Williams and Violet Farebrother: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Edith Evans as Rosalind, Michael Redgrave as Orlando, William Devlin as the Duke; Molly McArthur settings, style Watteau: Old Vic, 8. Wed., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—Fine historical piece of a royalist flavour; Barry Jones as the Martyr King, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the Queen, George Merritt as Cromwell; lovely décor by Motley: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Comedy in a house of a French crammer; Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Jessica Tandy: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, Rosalind Boulter, Elizabeth Nolan, Hilda Trevelyan: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—The Brontë novel in Helen Jerome's adaptation makes a fine play; Curigwen Lewis as Jane is beyond praise, Reginald Tate is an impressive Rochester: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE KING AND MISTRESS SHORE.—Period play of doubtful period; Gyles Isham as Edward IV., Joan Maude as his mistress Shore: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Powerful French play with good characterisation; Madge Titheradge, Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, Cecil Parker: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARIGOLD.—Revival of the charming Scottish comedy with Sophie Stewart in the lead, Jean Clyde and Walter Roy: Royalty, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight still acts Becket in the T. S. Eliot play, but the settings are new: Duchess, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MUTED STRINGS.—About Beethoven's passion for la Guicciardi; Keneth Kent as the composer, Violet Vanbrugh, Jane Baxter, Isobel Elsom: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PARNELL.—Elsie Schauffler's fine biographical play, unbanned, has Margaret Rawlings and Wyndham Goldie to lead: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Last three days; Celia Johnson, Athole Stewart, and Barbara Everest: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Comedy with a social significance; Leslie Banks as a public man on holiday; also Adrianne Allen, Marjorie Fielding and Marcus Barron: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this play is about a family dominated by its grandmatriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WILD DUCK.—Ibsen's great tragedy, with Marius Goring, Cecil Trouncer and Ruth Wynn Owen: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

### Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—The second edition of this peppy colourful revue: Adelphi, 6.20 and 9.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Revival of this fine romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Coliseum 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

*"French Without Tears"*

*Rex Harrison made plenty of the laughs in "Heroes Don't Care," now he makes plenty more as the young Englishman in the French crammer's house, learning "French Without Tears" (Criterion). The two in fancy-dress are Roland Culver and Robert Flemyng; Kay Hammond and Jessica Tandy are the heroines*

• GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" review of weddings and engagements is at the back this week, pp. 310 and 311

GOING PLACES.—Vivian Ellis's musical goes slow in places, but American June Knight is a great hit, and Arthur Riscoe is good: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LET'S RAISE THE CURTAIN!—Florence Desmond is the lead in this big mixed entertainment: Victoria Palace. 6.20 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slapstick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 84.—Humour by Ken Douglas, Hal Bryan, Leslie Spurling, Jimmie Bates; toe-dancing by Nanette; stained-glass window ballet, slaves tableau: Windmill, 1.20-11.30.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour and George Benson best of a good cast: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

### Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Irresponsible humour reliant on situations between Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, and John Mills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town, with clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LAUGHTER IN COURT.—Ridiculous plot does not put any strain on the witty dialogue which is unrolled to perfection by Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire and Edmund Breon.: Shaftesbury, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome thriller: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom; Sara Allgood and Robert Harris lead: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

### First Nights

YOUNG MADAME CONTI.—Melodrama adapted from Franck; Constance Cummings in the name-part: Savoy, Thurs., 19th.

ALL WAVE.—Revue by Eric Maschwitz, Archie de Bear, Rex Newman, Reg Arkell; Stanley Holloway and Naunton Wayne lead: Duke of York's, Tues., 24th.

## CINEMAS

FREDLÖS (Swedish).—Unique ice and snow exteriors on the Russo-Finnish frontier; story of barbarous Czarist governor: Academy.

THE GAY DESPERADO (American).—Mexican swift-mover with Nino Martini, Leo Carrillo and Ida Lupino: London Pavilion.

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN (American).—Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll together for the first time in a Chinese bandit thriller: Carlton.

HIS LORDSHIP (British).—George Arliss plays him and his brother in the film of *The Nelson Touch*: New Gallery.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

LIBELLED LADY (American).—William Powell, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy in a quadrangular affair: Empire.

MAYERLING (French).—Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux in an effective version of the tragedy of Rudolph of Austria: Curzon.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (American).—See him (Gary Cooper) before he leaves, at the Rialto.

MY MAN GODFREY (American).—William Powell and Carole Lombard in the strong social comedy: Marble Arch Pavilion.

REMBRANDT (British).—Laughton as the painter, Elsa Lanchester and Gertrude Lawrence in Korda's colourful if slightly artificial picture of the period: Leicester Square.

★ *Turn to page F for Opera, Ballet, Music, Sport and Special Season's Guide to Charity Events.*

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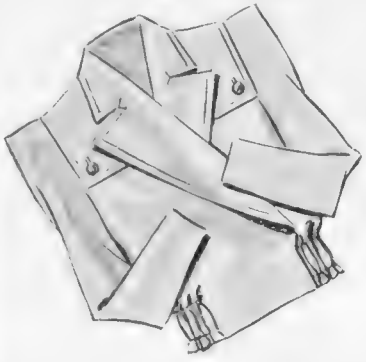

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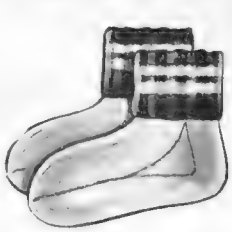

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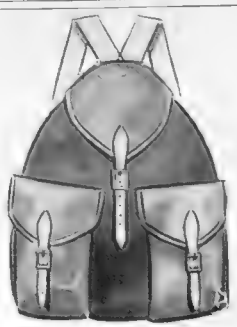

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# What's On

(Continued from page B)

## CINEMAS (*Continued*)

ROMEO AND JULIET (American).—Thalberg's big-scale interpretation of Shakespeare; Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer as the lovers: His Majesty's, 2.30 and 8.30.

SPENDTHRIFT (American).—Henry Fonda, Pat Paterson, Mary Brian make the triangle to a horse-racing background: Plaza.

SWING TIME (American).—The newest Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers; plot less than ever but dancing and music fine: Regal.

THE WHITE ANGEL (American).—The story of Florence Nightingale (Kay Francis) directed by William Dieterle (who made *Louis Pasteur*): Tivoli.

## OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

CARMEN.—Wed., 18th, 8.

MADAME BUTTERFLY.—Thurs., 19th, 8.

LA BOHÈME.—Fri., 20th, 8.

LOHENGRIN.—Sat., 21st, 7.45.

## BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

GODS GO A-BEGGING, NOCTURNE, PROMETHEUS.—Sat., 21st, 2.30.

COPPELIA, AURORA (Pas de Deux), FAÇADE.—Tues., 24th, 8.30.

## MUSIC

### Recitals

FRANCIS CASSEL.—Queen's Hall, Thurs., 19th, 8.30.

ELISABETH SCHUMANN.—Queen's Hall, Fri., 20th, 8.30.

ISOLDE MENGES QUARTET.—Beatrice Carrelle, John Yewe Dyer and Ivor James are the other three, in a Beethoven programme (three Rasoumowsky quartets): Wigmore Hall, Fri., 20th, 8.15.

MAGGIE TEYTE AND JOAN CROSS.—Grotrian Hall, Tues., 24th, 8.45.

### Orchestral and Choral

B.B.C. SYMPHONY.—Adrian Boult conducts, Paul Casals is the soloist; Brahms, Elgar ('cello concerto in E minor), and Tchaikowsky: Queen's Hall, Wed., 18th, 8.15.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.—Wood conducts, Petri is the soloist; Lalo, Mozart, Beethoven (piano concerto in C minor), Massenet: Sun., 22nd, 3.30.

BRITISH WOMEN'S SYMPHONY.—Boyd Neel conducts, Bustabo is the soloist: Queen's Hall, Mon., 23rd, 8.15.

## SPORT

TO-NIGHT, 18TH.—Walter Neusel v. Ben Foord (British heavy-weight champion): Harringay Arena.

## CHARITY EVENTS

### Note these Balls, Sales and Dinners, in Aid of Charity, for the Winter Season

MERRY MARKET.—Buying and selling by day, dancing by night (8-12), in aid of the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital: Royal Horticultural Hall, to-day and to-morrow, 18th and 19th.

IVORY CROSS BALL.—In aid of the National Dental Aid fund; cabaret and dancing to Jack Harris: Grosvenor House, to-night, 18th, 9.30.

ANNUAL SALE.—In aid of St. Luke's Victoria Docks Settlement fund. Princess Louise opens it: Hyde Park Hotel, Nov. 23rd and 24th.

VENETIAN NIGHT BALL.—In aid of the Finsbury Fellowship Club and Peel Institute: Dorchester, Nov. 24th.

BLUE BIRD BALL.—In aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Children: Claridge's, Nov. 24th, 9.30.

SALE OF CRACKERS.—In aid of Invalid Children's Aid Association: 10, Upper Grosvenor Street (by permission of the Contessa di Sant' Elia), Nov. 24th and 25th.

RED CROSS BALL.—Grosvenor House, Nov. 25th.

DUCHESS OF YORK'S CABARET PARTY.—In aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association: Norfolk House, Nov. 26th.

FRIVOLITY BALL NO. 3.—In aid of the Dockland Settlements: Portman Rooms, Baker Street, Nov. 26th.

GOOD COUNSEL BALL.—Claridge's, Nov. 27th.

SCOTTISH BAZAAR.—In aid of the Waifs and Strays Association; the Duchess of Wellington opens it at Grosvenor House, Nov. 30th.

ARCHDUKE JOHANN BALL.—In aid of Austrian and British charities: Austrian Legation, Dec. 3rd.

FESTIVAL DINNER.—In aid of the Princess Louise Hospital; the Duke of Kent will preside: Claridge's, Dec. 8th.

GOOD COMPANIONS PARTY.—Dinner-ball in aid of the Good Companions Aid Centre: Dorchester, Dec. 8th.

CHRISTMAS BALL.—In aid of the Canning Town Settlement special appeal: Grosvenor House, Dec. 9th.

WAIFS AND STRAYS BALL.—Dorchester, Dec. 15th.

RUSSIAN CABARET BALL.—In aid of the Russian Red Cross Society (old organisation): Dorchester, Dec. 17th.

PLAYING FIELDS BALL.—Dorchester, May 5th, 1937.

## DANCING AND DINING

COQ D'OR.—The newest restaurant, in Provençal auberge style; excellent food (some amusing specialities); no music.

DORCHESTER.—*Midnight Laughter* is a short and attractive cabaret-revue; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The midnight floor-show is called *Folies d'Apache*; Sydney Lipton's band: extension, Thursday.

KEMPINSKI'S.—The German specialities are excellent and inexpensive; other dishes are served; no music.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folies de Femmes cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

LUIGI'S.—Another of the places where food and drink are important; no band or cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—Ambrose is back here, and there is always good cabaret: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—There is cabaret at midnight; Van Straten's band plays; you needn't dress for the Grill: extension, Wednesday.

QUINTO'S.—This is new and amusing, and the food and wine are faultless; lunch and dinner only, and Sundays, dinner.

RENDEZVOUS.—Here's a Soho suggestion; the food is good, and they give you plenty of it. Open on Sundays too.

RITZ.—Café chantant cabaret again; Joe Kaye plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Una Carlisle plays the piano so well; Maurice Winnick's band: extension, Wednesday.

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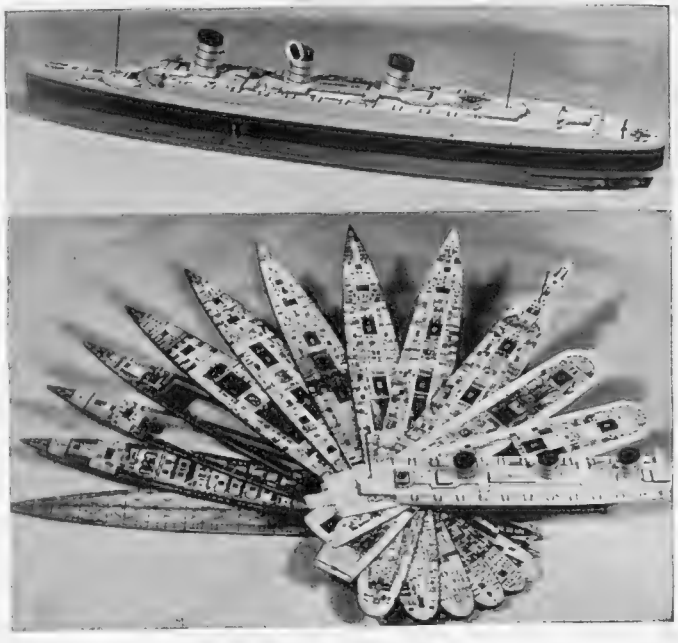

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"Bystander" Winter Sports Section

*Left: a large section of the British public believes that ski-ers spend most of their time in the air, and photographers love to foster this illusion*

*When you have learnt to fall you are unlikely to hurt yourself—the ski-er below will know his particular answer any second now*

# Dangerous Ski-ing

By Peter Lunn

"I HEAR you do a lot of ski-ing," an acquaintance remarked recently. "Tell me, do you really jump hotels?"

The illusion that the greater part of a day's ski-ing is spent in the air, and that it is therefore a highly dangerous sport, is held, in a less extreme form, perhaps, by a large section of the British public.

This illusion is largely due to those films, shown from time to time in this country, in which a slender story supports a great deal of action ski-ing. Unfortunately, the producers suffer from the idea that ski-ing will not interest the public unless the ski-er is seldom seen in contact with the snow. The film-goer is consequently shown ski-er after ski-er leaping and gambolling with light-hearted nonchalance; he sees them shooting off the roofs of chalets and clearing rivers at a single bound. It is only natural that he should gasp in admiration, but if he is a ski-er as well as a film-goer, his admiration is more for the cunning of the camera-man than for the skill of the performers.

The majority of the audience, however, inevitably leaves the cinema with the impression that ski-ing consists only of jumping, and that it is necessarily a dangerous sport suitable only for the young and very athletic.

ONE type of ski-ing, it is true, does consist solely of jumping, but it is very different to the jumping shown on the films. Real ski-jumping is carried out on a specially prepared hill, from which all unevennesses have been removed as carefully as from a cricket-pitch. It is only practised by a small minority of specialists, and very little by British ski-ers, who are more interested in the twin sport of downhill racing. Birger Ruud, one of the few who are equally expert at both, and who won the ski-jumping and the downhill race at the Winter Olympic Games, has said that ski-jumping, though obviously more spectacular, is less thrilling than downhill racing.

The downhill racer, who is continually twisting and turning to avoid obstacles, wishes to maintain contact with the snow, and only leaves the ground when an unexpected bump throws him a few feet into the air. All jumping off the special hills is essentially a stunt, and is by no means such an effective stunt as it appears on the films; a ski-er can tour the Alps from end to end, and compete in all the recognised competitions without ever attempting it.

It should also be remembered that ski-jumpers and downhill racers are in the minority; for the vast majority, ski-ing is the world's most graceful form of travel used in the world's most magnificent scenery.

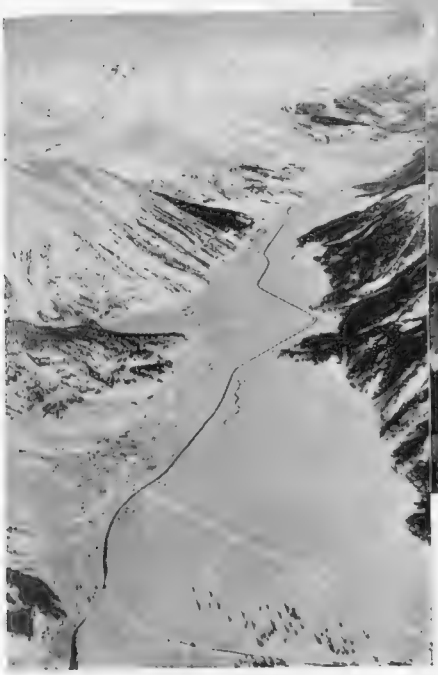
THE illusion that ski-ing is dangerous is not only due to the films; a certain section of the Press, secure in the knowledge that few of their readers will know otherwise, are ready to print the wildest exaggerations about ski-ing. A party of Mürrenites skied down

(*Concluded on page* R)

*The Olympic ski-ing stadium at Garmisch-Partenkirchen showing the finish of the downhill racecourse and the prepared track for ski-jumping*

*Right: "Arriving over the Little Scheidegg at a height of 15,000 feet, we glanced down upon the toy-like villages . . . admiring the impressive peaks of Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau"*

*Below: the site for the new aerodrome at Samaden can be seen in the centre of the photograph*



# The Alps from the Air

CAPTAIN MITTLEHOLZER is known to every airman as the most experienced pilot in Alpine flying. Every valley of the main Alpine range of Europe has re-echoed the sound of his engines, the peaks have been circled and the glaciers caressed by the shadow of his 'plane. His description of a flight over the Alps is so graphic that it is reproduced word for word below. Switzerland viewed as he sees it becomes a minute toy. Journeys which by rail and funicular take twelve hours, are covered in fifteen minutes in his machine. The Grimsel and Furka, with their hundred hairpin bends, are crossed in three minutes. His flying dramatises the geography of Switzerland.

Captain Mittleholzer, who writes in such an unassuming way, does not speak of the difficulties of Alpine flying, but flying in rarified atmosphere, landing at higher speeds and mastering the ever-changing air currents requires more than ordinary skill. He recounts a typical flight:

"WE climbed into our Swiss aeroplane and headed for the Grisons mountains. In radiant sunshine we passed over St. Gall, looking down upon the blue waters of Lake Constance, and flew straight on to Klosters, leaving the Silvretta group on our left, and so on to Davos, passing over the famous ski-ing district of Parsenn-Weissfluh where the tracks of ski-runners could be clearly seen from the air. The vistas in this part of Switzerland, viewed from the air, are among the most picturesque. On our left loomed the Ortler group, while the Upper Engadine valley, with its frozen lake, lay at our feet. We saw the magnificent Bernina with the Italian plains not far off, and Pontresina close at hand. Dotted along the lakes lay St. Moritz, Samaden, Silvaglana, Sils Maria, and the Maloja. The Cresta Run between St. Moritz and Celerina sparkled icily from its snowy bed, and all was crowned with winter's ice. The flood of dazzling sunlight reverberating from hill and dale was reflected from the polished surface of the rinks, changing them into mirrors. So dazzling is the sunlight reflected from the snow at these altitudes that dark glasses are essential to the unaccustomed eyes.

"At this altitude 'planes have to land at a much greater speed owing to the rarified atmosphere, but the Lake at St. Moritz is amply big, and we were soon taxi-ing up to the aerodrome sheds at the south-east corner of the lake. The wheels of our 'plane had been replaced by skis, on which it is easier to land on snow. Sitting in the hot sun watching the Sonja Henjes and the Cecilia Colledges of St. Moritz was a marked contrast to the life one was leading so recently in the rainy towns of the lower plains.

"LEAVING the lake shortly after lunch, we continued our Alpine flight, crossing over the Tödi group, the Dammastöcke, and the highest Bernese Oberland peak, the Finsteraarhorn. Then we slipped past the

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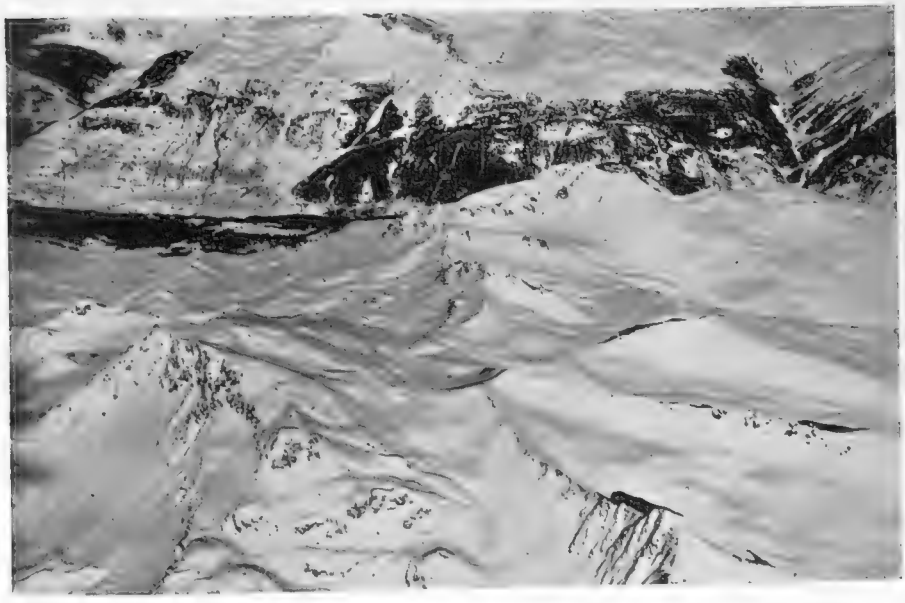
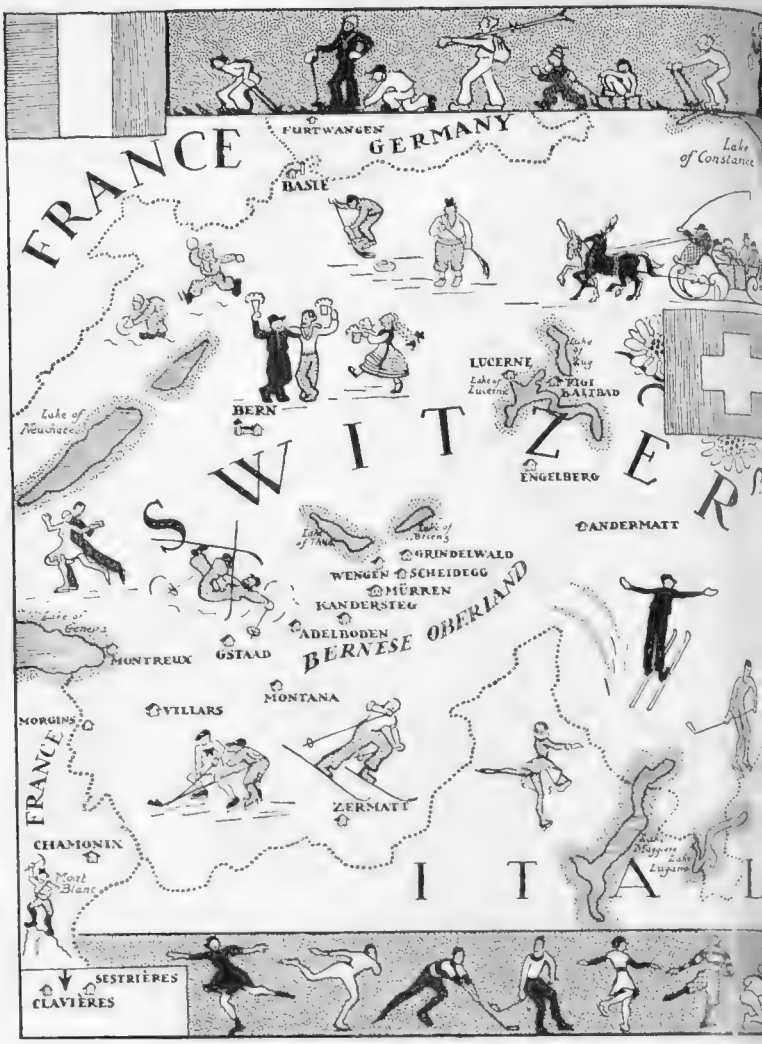


*"Passing over the famous ski-ing district of Parsenn-Weissfluh where the tracks of ski-runners could be clearly seen from the air": the distance to the valley is more easily realised if one remembers that the tree level is between 5000 and 6000 feet*

• "Bystander" Winter Sports Section

*Giant and Pygmy*

*The towering aloof Matterhorn and the vast silent snowfields bring man back to a healthy realisation of his own puny insignificance in the natural world*




*The Lie of the Land: a Map of the Princip*

# Where to Go for Your Winter Sports

## Expert Advice to Suit All Needs and Pockets: by C. E. W. Mackintosh

YOUR choice of a winter centre must depend largely on your own requirements, but to make up your mind you will have to consider a number of points, and these are the subject of this article.

Your first interest will, of course, be the question of cost: the devaluation of Continental currencies has made a winter holiday not only possible for most people, but even cheap. It is unlikely that you would find any cheaper holiday at home for Christmas and the New Year. A week's ski-ing holiday, including the return fare, can now be obtained for £8 4s.

Winter sports centres have their special characteristics; some are fashionable, some specialise in ski racing, some are family centres with amusing parties where aunts and uncles find distractions other than winter sports. Some have funiculars and at others you have to climb. The Alps which run from the Zugspitze above Garmisch, in Bavaria, and broaden out through Austria and Switzerland, finishing in Northern Italy and France, provide perfect ski-ing grounds in nearly every district, so you will have to make up your mind which country you prefer.

No visitor to the Alps comes back with regrets, as the clear blue sky, the powerful violet rays of the Alpine sun and the healthy exercise, combine to return you fit and healthy.

To give you the all-important information on prices at the various centres before describing any of them, we have made up a list at random which will give you a picture of the average inclusive cost:

One week's stay at St. Moritz, including rail tickets for £14 2s.
At Garmisch—£12 8s.
At Scheidegg—£14 14s. 6d.
Klosters—£12 3s. 6d.
Wengen—£12 18s.
Sestrières—£12 5s. 6d.
At Fürtwangen—£8 4s.

Unlimited information is available here in London for all these places.

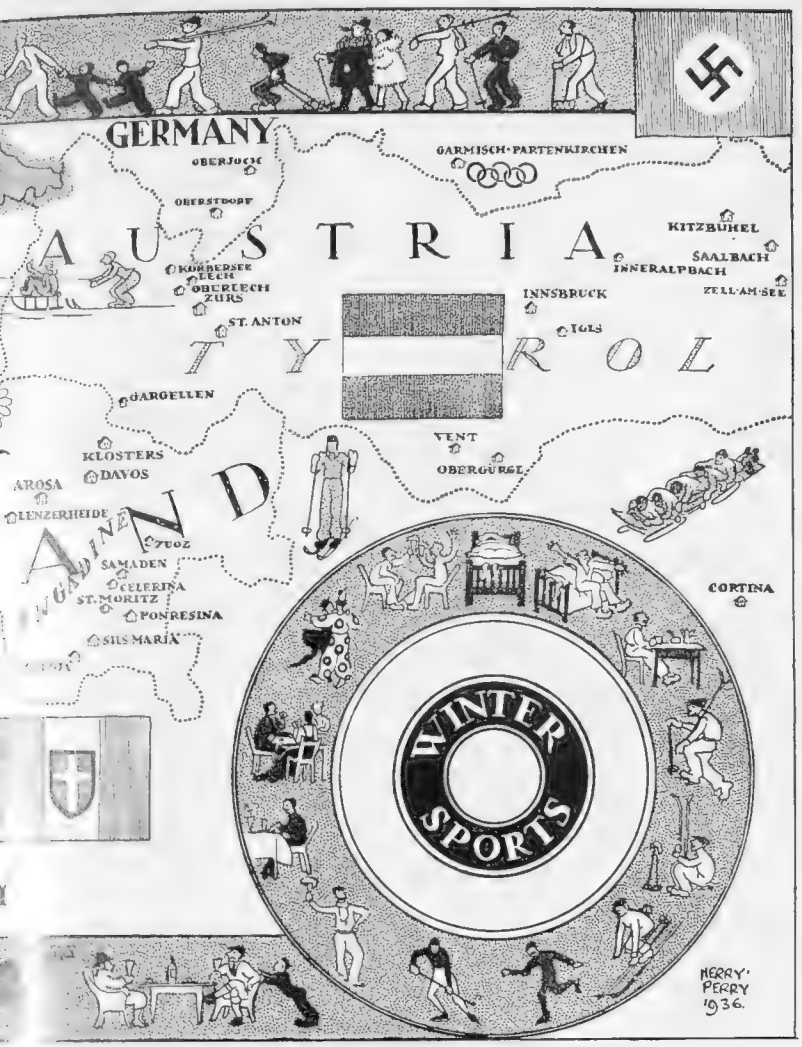
SAINT MORITZ has all the assets—good ski-ing, a long funicular, perfect ice rinks, difficult skeleton and bobsleigh runs, the fewest changes between London and its own station, an air service, horse-racing and above all, fashion. It is due to your own lack of self-control if you stay up all night and are not fit for the day's ski-ing on the morrow.

An American leaving St. Moritz was heard to say as the train went out: "Now I know why they made Moritz a Saint!"

In contrast to St. Moritz are centres like LENZERHEIDE, AROSA or GSTAAD, where you live a peaceful and quiet life, carry your lunch and climb all day, earning your downhill ski by the sweat of your brow. You get fit and sunburnt and go to bed early because you are tired, for a well-deserved night's sleep. Climbing on skis is, moreover, one of the best ways of learning to keep your stance, and you cannot help learning the meaning of word rhythm.

PLACES which the majority of people are looking for, who are neither in search of social gaiety nor yet a complete out-of-doors life, are to be found in big numbers and are in great demand. For example, WENGEN, KLOSTERS, MORGINS, DAVOS and GRINDELWALD all supply a good life which comes between the very gay and the very peaceful mentioned above. They all have excellent ski schools, funiculars, dancing every evening with occasional fancy-dress parties, but at midnight the music stops. They are essentially the family resorts; to Morgins and Klosters, for instance, the same families have gone for 15 and 20 years.

DAVOS which has one of the fastest funiculars in Switzerland to take you up to a height of over 8000 feet into the heart of the finest ski-ing country in Switzerland, had a great attraction for British visitors. Davos, moreover, is a fairly big town, and many of the leading fixtures for ice hockey are held there.




*ter Sports Resorts in the Mid-European Mountains*

*The Static Beauty of the Country—*

*Under the sun every view of snow and mountain is beautiful, but this eyescape from the Scheidegg over the Grindelwald valley is one of the loveliest in Switzerland*

It might almost be possible to categorise winter sports centres under three headings—Society, Family, and Health.

THERE are, of course, centres with special characteristics such as SESTRIÈRES, GARMISCH, SCHEIDEGG, INNSBRUCK and MÜRREN. These must not be overlooked.

SCHEIDEGG is a small hotel on the watershed of perfect ski-ing country with funiculars in three directions, and some good ski-ing climbs around. It is the meeting ground of the Oberland where you will see everyone from GRINDELWALD, WENGEN, MÜRREN, once if not twice a day climbing out of their funiculars to claim their skis before the homeward run. There is a small ice-rink and a good band. An advantage or disadvantage according to your taste, is that there is no village.

MÜRREN, for many years the leading centre for downhill racing, may be said to be one of the finest training grounds in the world for the younger generation. The ground itself is extremely steep and difficult and ski-ing in other districts seems comparatively easy after Mürren. The great British racing club, the Kandahar, was born and has headquarters in Mürren. The hotels are excellent, and the smaller ones particularly well run and cheap. The criticism that it seems that everyone is too ski-minded can really be taken as a compliment if it is ski-ing you are interested in.

GARMISCH and INNSBRUCK are neither of them mountain centres, but are surrounded by hills and funiculars with

(Concluded on page N)

*—The Dynamic Beauty of the Sport*

*These four runners sailing peacefully down the Klosters-run give an idea of the heavenly rhythm of the ski-ing that an average runner enjoys*

# Winter Sports Clothes

## Notes on Outfits for Ski-ers and Skaters

OUR discussion on clothes must necessarily cover all the fields of winter sports—ski-ing, skating, ice hockey, curling and tobogganing—for each of these sports the outfit is very different—and its votaries are required to wear a particular garb.

Ice hockey players are a race apart and need no advice; each one of them appears to know from the start what he wants, so we will not venture to advise them on their equipment.

When we have told the novice curler that so long as he wears rubber soles and can hold his own at the nineteenth hole he will be welcome on any rink, and when the tobogganer has been assured that no special get-up is necessary for the village runs, we have given them all the advice they require.

But with the first-year ski-runner or skater, the case is very different. It is as necessary to be perfectly turned-out for the ski-ing slopes or the ice rink as it is for the hunting-field or the ball-room, and luckily it is much cheaper. There is no need to wear exaggerated clothes; the right clothes make the winter sportsman feel at ease and physically comfortable, and enable him to uphold the sartorial credit of his country.

THE price of a ski suit is not high and can, we are told, be bought at our leading winter sports outfitters, from three guineas.

*Slim girls look well in long trousers*

*"Ski suits do* not *look well on the rink"*

This ski suit consists of a jacket and long trousers, or a jacket and plus fours of the same material. It is usually made of smooth windproof cloth, cut on severe lines, but allowing room for an extra woolly and a scarf.

Trousers are, on the whole, more practical than plus fours as there is no possible gap for the snow to get into the top of the boot, but the advantage of plus fours, which look well with bright coloured windjackets, is that you can change your stockings and boots when you come in in the evening, without changing altogether between sundown and dinner.

MITTS are generally made of horsehide, which does not get slippery when wet, and it is very important to get good ones: English prices are far lower than those current abroad. They can be bought in various colours and look very smart, and you must remember to buy them large enough to take a pair of inner gloves.

Men's caps are all much the same. They are all made of the same material as the suit and have a peak to keep off the glare of the sun. Women allow themselves more latitude as regards make or shape, but they must be sure that their headgear is practical

Pullovers or shirts must be taken out. Pullovers are of the ordinary type, but shirts of positively startling colour schemes can be worn without exciting comment.

WE now come to the most important article—the boots. See that your boots are (*a*) waterproof; (*b*) that they grip the heel and instep; (*c*) that they allow free play for the toes; (*d*) that the soles are rigid, binding only under the ball of the foot, and have sole protectors; and (*e*) that they are cut low at the ankle. Socks and stockings must be very thick and made of specially treated yarn.

Ski can be hired anywhere, and the first-year runner who has to consider expense had better defer his purchase till his second year, but ski sticks can be bought very cheaply in this country, and are much better than those hired out.

FOR skating men wear plus fours or ordinary lounge suits, but we definitely recommend women to have short skirts. A good skating skirt must be made by someone with experience, as they have to be very specially cut. Warm gloves are useful.

The boots, to which the skates must be screwed accurately by a specialist, must grip the heel and instep and give play to the toes just as with ski boots. Ski suits do *not* look well on the rink.

SIX guineas or even less will cover the cost of a ski-runner's outfit, and a woman skater should be well equipped for about four or five guineas.

*"There is no need to wear exaggerated clothes"*

---

## The Alps from the Air

*(Continued from page I)*

awe-inspiring Schreckhörner and suddenly found ourselves hovering above the charming valley of Grindelwald. Arriving over the Little Scheidegg at a height of 15,000 feet, we glanced down upon the toy-like villages and famous winter sports centres of Grindelwald, Wengen and Mürren, admiring the impressive peaks of Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau. As the crow flies (or, in this case, our 'plane) these villages are not more than two miles apart. Beyond was the great Aletsch Glacier, leading like a giant's road to the Brigue Valley beyond. From here we skipped across the Lauterbrunnen Valley, skirted the craggy Gspaltenhorn, and flew over the broad inviting 'massif' of the Blümlisalp group, whose peaks 'White Lady' and 'Wild Lady' evoked pleasant memories of happy climbs, while the magic Oeschinen Lake at their base looked like a large sapphire.

"IT is a short leap from the Bernese Oberland into the Canton of Valais, where the greatest of all Swiss summits, and the most famous of Europe are at home. To me, mountains are the property of those who have enjoyed the romance of their conquest, and so, as we fly past the Bietschorn, I am reminded of Leslie Stephens. Then we sailed across the Rhone Valley, reaching the Monte Rosa and Whymper's Matterhorn, with all its satellites, while Saas-Fee and Zermatt greet us from below and the limpid Scharzsee reflects our machine.

"We now approached the Grand Combin group, and the luminant Panossiere Glacier, with joyous memories of bygone climbs, and finally reached the outskirts of the Mont Blanc colossus, which stands so near to the Swiss frontier. Thrilling vistas of granite rock and ice, of névés, bluish séracs and hanging glaciers. Not the least of the thrills are the impressions of the famous ski-runs, over all of which our machine had passed: Diavolezza, Corviglia, Lauberhorn, Schilthorn, Blauherd and Gornergrat each seen from start to finish, with tracks and falls clearly visible from the sky.

"TO-DAY these wonders, so hard to reach in the past, are really London's property—breakfast in London, lunch in Zurich, the tour we have just described around the Alps, to return to the lower plains of Switzerland the same evening. Every year machines of both Swiss Air and Imperial Airways improve in speed, efficiency and cheapness, and I for one look forward to the day when it will be possible to leave London and carry out just such a tour, returning the same day. But I believe that you will stay there because you will go for the sun it is so hard to get here, and which is so hot and penetrating in Switzerland."

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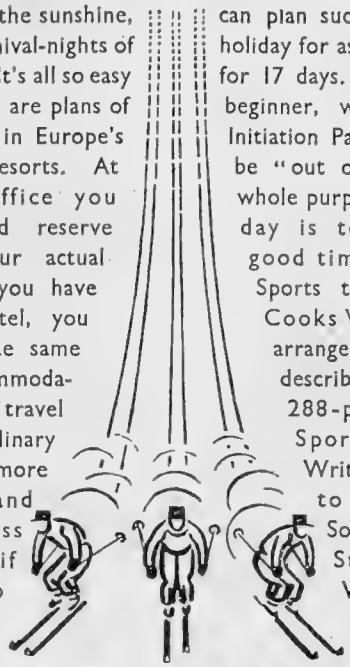

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# Ski-ing Equipment for the Beginner

## By Peter Lunn

SKIS: Those who are taking only a short holiday and are uncertain whether they will ever repeat the experiment, can economise by hiring skis and fittings locally for about 10s. per week. The beginner who buys a new pair, however, is certain of being well equipped and is able to choose his own fittings.

Skis are made of either ash or hickory; the former cost from 37s. 6d. and the latter from 45s. Hickory skis, though they are heavier, are to be preferred as they are more durable and give a smoother running surface; a smooth running surface not only makes the skis faster, a doubtful advantage for the beginner, but also greatly facilitates turning.

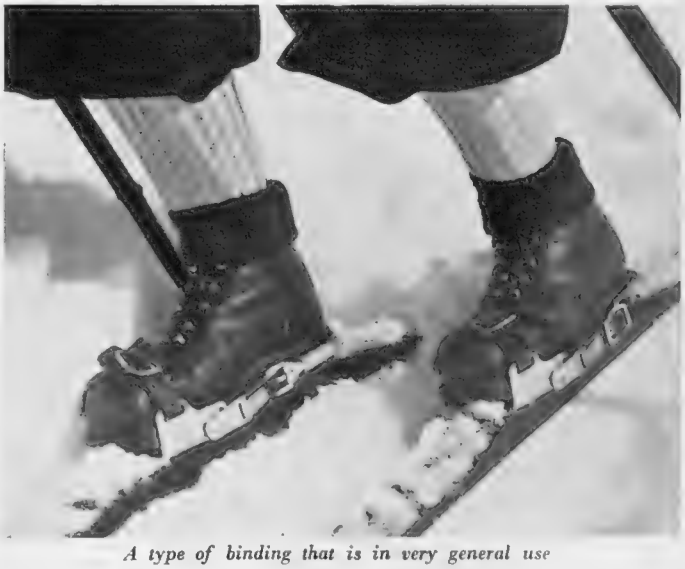
EDGES: Skis should be fitted with hard strips of either metal or fibre along the edges, as this increases the ski-er's control and prevents wear. Metal, being considerably sharper than fibre, gives more accurate turning on hard snow, but it tends to catch and trip the beginner.

The best combination for the beginner is to have steel along the inside edge of the ski and fibre along the outside; the inside edge bears the greater part of the strain in traversing and when checking, but it is over the outside edge that the ski-er is most liable to trip. This combination costs about 25s.

BINDINGS range in price from 15s. The beginner should use a surface binding, that is one on which the heel straps are attached to the toe irons and not to the sides of the ski. An Amstutz spring (price, 8s. 6d.), which is attached from the ankle to just behind the boot, will hold his heel down and thus increases his control. It also reduces risks in the unlikely event of an awkward fall, as the strain will be taken by a direct pull on the heel and not by an awkward tension on the foot.

STICKS are made of either wood or bamboo. The former, which can be hired locally, are heavy and cumbrous; the latter can seldom be hired but are worth purchasing, as they are much lighter and better balanced. It is just as essential to the ski-er that his sticks be well balanced as to have them light, for he is continually making slight movements with them to adjust his balance, in the same way that a tight-rope walker uses a long pole.

BOOTS can generally be hired locally, but there is no item of equipment over which it is such a mistake to economise. Bad boots cause blisters, make exact control of the ski impossible, and let in the water which means perpetual cold feet. It is so difficult to tell the difference between good and bad boots until one has used them that the purchaser's only guide when buying is the reputation of the manufacturer. The beginner is consequently advised to buy a pair bearing the stamp of a well-known firm; they range in price from 33s. 6d.



*A type of binding that is in very general use*

*Photo: C. Brandt, Arosa.*

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## Dangerous Ski-ing *(Continued from page H)*

to Lauterbrunnen in the valley below; finding the train back to Mürren out of order, they returned by walking up a much frequented path. A few days later, a well-known paper devoted a column to their exploit, a column which was headed: "Mountaineers climb out of an abyss."

The ski-ers, however, cannot be represented as perpetually struggling to banish the illusions about the alleged dangers of their sport; like other people, they enjoy being regarded as super beings performing spectacular feats of heroism. Against this charge I must plead particularly guilty myself, and admit that there are few things I enjoy so much as being asked, in an off-hand manner, if I jump hotels.

An analysis of the facts must, however, lead to other conclusions. Ski-ing accidents fall into three main classes:

(1) Accidents due to mountaineering rather than to ski-ing. In this group I include all accidents due to avalanches, to cornices giving way beneath ski-ers, and to other dangers necessarily attendant upon being in the High Alps.

All such accidents can be disregarded by the average ski-er if he does not wish to mountaineer. The ordinary runs at almost all winter sports centres are completely safe from avalanches and similar dangers, but no ski-er should undertake an untracked expedition without first consulting a local guide.

(2) Accidents due to falling in an awkward position with one ski caught in the snow.

This is the commonest cause of ski-ing accidents. They almost invariably occur when the ski-er is going slowly; he topples over with one ski wedged in the snow, and his leg is thus subjected to an awkward strain. This generally results in torn or strained ligaments and occasionally in a break. This type of accident is never spectacular, and the victim often does not realise that there is anything amiss until he finds himself unable to use one of his legs.

Such accidents very seldom occur at speed, as the runner is then flung violently forward and the ski is safely wrenched from the snow by a direct pull, and not by sideways tension.

(3) By accidents due to the ski-er striking some object, such as a rock.

The beginner is immune from this type of accident, as he is generally going slow enough to see any rocks some time before he is anywhere near them. Neither does it often have serious results for the expert, as he generally strikes the rock with his skis and falls over it into the soft snow beyond.

Accidents are, however, sometimes due to the ski-er falling at high speeds on icy snow, and then slithering into a rock or tree-stump. Such an accident is obviously only possible under rare conditions, but they were the exact conditions for the last World's Championships—high speeds on ice dotted with rocks and stumps.

Apart from mountaineering accidents, a collision with a rock or other object is the only type of accident likely to prove fatal. In spite, however, of the very high speeds attained by ski racers (the winner of the 1933 World's Championships averaged just under 40 m.p.h.), I do not know of a single racer who has been killed during the course of a race, but a fatal accident did occur during practice in 1927.

Ski-ing is looked upon in this country as a sport practised by a minority of daring persons. Abroad, however, ski-ing is the most popular sport of all, and long before it was a sport it was an essential means of transport. During the winter months it is part of the regular routine life of millions, and yet accidents do not appear to be common. Foreign doctors have always assured me that the dangers of ski-ing have been grossly exaggerated, and that it is not as dangerous as, for instance, football.

MORE WINTER SPORT

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Jim Lawrence . . p. 280

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